

Yorgos Ntovas

*A Rainy Afternoon
and Many Sunny Days*



Love and Fiction Novel

A Rainy Afternoon and Many Sunny Days



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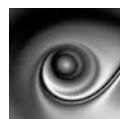
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About the Author

Yorgos Ntovas was born in Volos, Greece.

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He creates Digital Artworks and writes various strange or not, books.

He has written in Greek the books, Claire – Erica – Cleo (Trilogy), Eleni & Menelaos, A Rainy Afternoon and Many Sunny Days, The Publisher, Attempt of Rape, 4 Erotic Stories, Renaissance, The Politician, Herma, The Bride.

The first book of the trilogy “Claire – Erica – Cleo”, “A Rainy Afternoon and Many Sunny Days” and “Eleni and Menelaos”, have been translated into English and are available worldwide.

Yorgos Ntovas speaks English, French and German and lives and works in Athens, Greece.

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1. One Rainy Afternoon!

It was a rainy afternoon.

He was driving his car, heading to another one of his wife's chores.

"Go to ma. She has cooked dolmades(Greek Stuffed Vine/Grape Leaves). And don't forget to go to the Super Market on your way home. We need cheese and ham for toasted sandwiches," she told him on the phone.

As always, he went with no objections.

It had just started raining. A stupid, light, tedious rain which barely made the street wet and slippery.

"Where is my mind" by Pixies was playing on the radio. The song was a perfect description of his mood at that time. He couldn't have asked for something more suitable.

There was some traffic on the sideway of Doukisis Plakentias subway station. He saw a girl from afar. She was wearing a t-shirt, shorts and sandals and was walking in the rain. She was a usual girl, seventeen year-old tops. He usually paid no attention to such girls. He was extremely picky and certainly not the type who would tease or hit on a girl on the street, especially at her age. He had literally never done that before.

This time was different, however. Something urged him and without second thoughts, he turned right. Once he reached the part of the street where the girl was, he stopped. He rolled down the window and said:

"Can I give you a ride?"

The girl opened the door and got in without even looking at him or saying anything.

He checked her out of the corner of his eye. She had dark red hair, shapely legs and voluminous breasts for her age. Her hair and t-shirt were wet.

He started the car. The traffic light was fifty meters ahead.

"Turn right at the traffic light," she said.

He said nothing and turned right. The girl was looking straight in front of her. She spoke again after a while.

"Turn right."

After five or six blocks they saw a park to the left and a school to the right.

They were both desolate due to the time and the rain.

When they reached the park, she asked him to stop.

He did and she turned to look at him for the first time.

Her face was attractive but she had nothing out of the ordinary. What was impressive though, was her eyes. They were a very strange shade of green and blue. But the strangest thing about them was that they were different. The right pupil was bluer and the left greener. They also had a strange depth. Just like looking into a tunnel.

She looked him in the eyes again. He felt uncomfortable but couldn't take his eyes off her. He felt mesmerized.

Without saying anything, she touched his right temple with the tip of her left finger and his left temple with the tip of her right finger. The feeling was unprecedented. A strange heat overwhelmed him. He felt a flow of energy penetrating his mind then the rest of his body. He felt each and every cell of his body filling with energy.

The whole procedure didn't last long. Fifty to sixty seconds tops. Afterwards, the girl removed her hands from his head. She kept looking at him though, as if she wanted to make sure that whatever happened was successful.

The color of her pupils had now changed. They had assumed a shade of light red.

"Follow the instructions and you'll have nothing to worry about anymore," she told him, then opened the door, got out of the car and walked away.

He remained there for a few minutes, trying to explain what had just happened. He loved anything that had to do with the paranormal and science fiction. He had seen and

read almost everything. Reading though had nothing to do with having a similar experience yourself.

In his mind and body, there was no trace of what he had felt before. He was completely certain though that he had experienced it and not simply imagined it. He recalled similar incidents he had read, trying to think of a clear explanation.

He concluded that what he had felt was a form of bioenergy.

So far, so good. But why him? Under which criteria and for what purpose? And what did the girl mean when she said: *“Follow the instructions and you’ll have nothing to worry about anymore?”* What instructions was he supposed to follow?

Unable to find a solid explanation at least for now, he decided to continue his way to his wife’s chores.

He went to his mother in law who in turn forced him to bring a “gift” to her sister (it must ran in the family). On his way home, he went to the supermarket like a “good, obedient boy”. He called his wife from the supermarket who had forgotten something as usual and then returned home.

His thirteen-year-old daughter announced her new plans. She decided to skip the PanHellenic exams and attend a Hairdresser’s School which needed neither exams nor good grades. *“Jesus, she has only taken two exams for the first time and she is already trying to avoid the PanHellenic exams, even if they take place in six years.”* As always, he encouraged her that he will be there for her and support her decisions as long as they are realistic, knowing that she will change her mind and plans, many times by then.

His wife, always disputatious, never satisfied with anything and sometimes showing traces of malice, raised objections as usual.

He paid no attention and went to his study. It was precious as it allowed him his personal space and usually,

peace and quiet. Using work as an excuse was enough to distance himself and keep the balance between two “teenagers”. A literal one and a figurative one, even worse than the first.

He worked on tying some loose ends and temporarily forgot the whole incident.

The afternoon passed, giving way to the evening and its usual routine. Constant stress and reminding his daughter to take a shower before going to bed. Tidying up the bedroom (he was always the one who made the beds and arranging the pillows), locking up the doors and windows at night and finally his wife going to sleep.

He always stayed in his study to watch some of his favorite shows or a movie until he felt drowsy. If he wasn't sleepy enough, he couldn't sleep well.

He did the same that night. He wanted to watch some Supernatural episodes from the 10th season.

But this was not an ordinary night.

Just before he opened the episode file, a message appeared in his mind. Instructions came out of nowhere, prompting him to visit certain sites on the Internet.

One of them was a popular bank in Slovenia. He was familiar with that bank as a colleague used it to compensate him for certain tasks he performed on the Internet.

He was typing automatically without even thinking.

The bank URL, username, password, PIN, certification number, confirmation number. He suddenly realized that his IP had changed. He was now using a private, virtual IP in Switzerland. The bank notified him that they had accepted his credentials and he was now able to carry out transactions up to 150,000 Euros each. His account balance was 3,000,000 Euros and the account was in his name. What the hell?

He started typing again and this time he wired 150,000 Euros to a bank account of an English bank in Seychelles.

This went on. He sent seven remittances in total in different banks. For every transaction, he saved the receipt on his computer in a PDF form. When he was done, he logged off. He had transferred 1,050,000 Euros but he had no idea where. It suddenly dawned on him that the bank's website was in Slovenian. Of course he didn't speak Slovenian but this hadn't been a problem at all.

He relaxed for a while but this didn't last long. A new burst of information bombarded his brain again.

This time, he found himself visiting a bank in Turks & Caicos Islands. These islands belonged to British offshore territory and he knew about them from a movie he had seen recently. They had played a part in the money trafficking the British Commonwealth (Queen included) was trying to hide. In most banks there, you could open a bank account online by just declaring your credentials without needing to present any proof. To conduct transactions, you needed the bank account number, password, the eight-digit PIN and a specific application you downloaded after creating your account. This application produced a different code every minute. This was similar to Google Authenticator, only this one was bound to your personal account.

He gave the credentials that the instructions showed him in his mind. The system confirmed and granted him access. The account was anonymous, just like those in certain Swiss banks. His account balance was almost 10,000,000 US dollars.

The instructions in his mind urged him to wire 5,500,000 US dollars to a Real Estate company in order to buy a mansion at Providenciales, the best of the Turks & Caicos islands. The mansion was located at Long Bay Beach, in the Eastern part of the island. It was one of the top ten beaches in the world. It belonged to a famous compound of luxury residences, apartments and hotel suites. There were six mansions in total and this was one of them. It was an 800

square meter building in a 1,800 square meter land property. It had six bedrooms on two floors and a private swimming pool. The compound also had three restaurants, swimming pools, health spa as well as stores, a tennis court and an event hall. In the wider area, there were also thirty-eight suites divided in two buildings. He transferred the money under the name Max Headroom.¹ The system confirmed the transaction. After realizing he had access to a new e-mail account, he received the transaction confirmation from the Real Estate company. He now owned the mansion. The next day, he would receive instructions and the contract in digital form.

Later, in that same e-mail account, he received a notification. In two days, a special courier would present him with his new British passport under the name Max Headroom as well as an International Driver's License under the same name. Immediately after, the confirmations of the transactions he had made from the Slovenian bank to seven others reached his inbox. All the accounts were under the name Max Headroom and all the banks informed him that they would send him the corresponding debit card in two days.

It was Monday, a few minutes to midnight. He would theoretically receive everything by Wednesday.

Now the crucial question. Why him and what would he do with all this?

He already had 7,500,000 US dollars in several bank accounts as well as a luxurious mansion in Turks & Caicos. Why? What for? And why Max Headroom?

As if someone had read his thoughts, new instructions appeared in his mind. He shouldn't do anything until he re-

¹ Max Headroom. British digital science-fiction "Artificial Intelligence" character. He first appeared in 1984 and was credited as the first show host created by a computer.

ceived the documents. He shouldn't speak about this to anyone, either. Absolutely no one, especially his family. He should continue acting as if nothing had happened.

Once he received the documents, he would also receive further instructions.

He was to continue his usual daily routine for now. Well, easier said than done. His mind was hyped up. He had so many questions. He should comply however and try to relax and get some sleep.

He watched two episodes of his favorite show but to no avail. He finally decided to go to bed.

He lay there but couldn't sleep no matter how hard he tried. The main question in his mind was why all this had happened to him.

Try as he might, he couldn't possibly come up with an explanation, even an irrational one. Exhausted as he was, he fell asleep at dawn.

2. Standing by!

It was Tuesday, a quarter past seven when the alarm clock went off. He hadn't even slept for two hours. He got up for his daily routine. He got ready, woke his daughter up then drove her to school.

Returned home and got started on his daily chores. Business had taken a turn for the worse lately so he spent most of his time in his study.

Made a cup of tea and tried to put his thoughts in order. His wife had left for work so he was on his own.

He recalled everything that had happened. Naturally, the questions returned.

Tried to relax and evaluate the situation as rationally as possible.

Owned 7,500,000 US dollars. Turned on his computer and checked everything once more. Indeed, it was still there.

He had bought a mansion, 5,500,000 dollars' worth, in the best area of Turks & Caicos.

The instructions he was given, suggested going back to his daily routine until he received the documents of his new identity, the following day most probably. He would then receive new instructions.

Once again, questions arose in his mind. Who was sending the instructions? How did they appear in his mind? He had been researching the paranormal for thirty years now. There were many theories but they were merely speculation. What was really his case? That was hard to answer, at least for now.

He had to be patient and follow the instructions. He should also keep his mouth shut. Easier said than done. How could you possibly get on with your life when you have 7,500,000 dollars in your possession?

He had to do it, though. Tried to keep his mind busy as much as possible.

He spent the rest of his day doing various tasks, mostly on the Internet. His daughter came back from school at noon and then his wife returned from work. Time passed by.

Went on with his usual routine in the evening, then he went to bed. The questions were still torturing him but not as intensely as yesterday.

Once again, he followed his daily routine the next day. He woke up in the morning, drove his daughter to school then returned to his study to deal with work matters.

It was noon when the courier rang his doorbell. He was from a company he hadn't heard before. The extremely polite employee explained that the company excelled at special document delivery, mainly diplomatic ones. He asked for his ID and signature on an electronic terminal then handed him a sealed envelope.

Opened the envelope at his study. Inside, found a British passport under the name Max Headroom with his own photograph, of course. The date of birth was the correct one but the passport had been issued in Turks & Caicos. His citizenship status was British Overseas Territories. The birth location was Providenciales, the biggest city in Turks & Caicos where he had bought the mansion. There was also a corresponding driver's license in the envelope as well as some additional documents from the local authorities.

He had barely examined the documents he had received when the doorbell rang again. It was another courier who delivered an envelope from a foreign bank. It contained a debit card and some documents related to his account. This went on for the next two hours. There were seven couriers in total with the corresponding envelopes from the seven banks he had transferred money to, the previous day. The delivery of the documents he was expecting had completed as such.

His daughter came back from school immediately after. He served her and sat down to have lunch with her. His wife came home from work as well.

He hadn't managed to deal with his matters by afternoon.

Later in the evening, when he relaxed, the questions in his mind returned.

Checked his e-mail. In the special account he was provided with two nights ago, he received, in digital form, the final contract of the mansion, some other documents of the municipality of Providenciales as well as some instructions regarding the building complex. Printed everything and studied them carefully. They all looked authentic.

He was now a citizen of British Overseas Territory and a property owner in the best area of Turks & Caicos.

Went on with the family routine. At night, when they had gone to sleep, the new set of instructions appeared in his mind. They were detailed and crystal clear but too cruel nonetheless.

He had to organize his journey in Turks & Caicos first. He was to travel on Friday. To wit, in two days from now. He would travel with two layovers. First, he would fly to London, arriving there on Friday night and staying until the next afternoon. Then, he would fly to Toronto, arriving on Saturday night. He wouldn't need a Visa this way. The following day he would fly straight to Providenciales, Turks & Caicos. Arriving on Sunday afternoon, he would go to his mansion and officially claim it. They were already aware of his arrival and had prepared everything.

Now the hard part began, the one that had to do with emotional management. He literally had to disappear without telling anyone where he'd go. The next day, Thursday, he was to complete the following procedures:

- Close all his bank accounts in the Greek Banks.
- Wire 250,000 Euros from the Slovenian Bank via SEPA to his daughter's Greek bank account and an equal amount to his wife's account, ensuring their financial security.
- Following that, he was to delete all data from his personal computers along with any backups. Nothing was to be

left behind, not a single trace. This hurt him since he was gathering these documents for thirty years. They were literally his whole life.

- He would tell his family in the city he was born, that he found a job in a foreign country and it would take some time before he could communicate with them again.

- He would leave a letter to his wife and daughter, explaining that he had to be away for a while and asking them not to look for him. He would leave them with instructions for certain practical matters.

- He was to destroy all his personal documents, his ID, driver's license, cards, passports and so on.

He shouldn't bring along anything that had to do with his previous life. The only things allowed were the new documents and cards as well as some clothes. He would buy anything else he might need from London and Toronto and the rest in Providenciales.

This was particularly cruel and hard for him. How would he abandon his whole life? How would he abandon his family, especially his daughter?

The most important part was that he failed to understand the point in all of this. However, the motive was too great to resist and the instructions in his mind very convincing. He still had his doubts, though.

Once again, he tried to calculate the pros and cons. He couldn't make a final decision so he decided to leave it for tomorrow, when his mind would be clearer.

He relaxed for a while and went to sleep.

3. Decisions!

Followed his daily routine for just another day. He woke up, got ready, woke his daughter up and drove her to school.

Returned home and sat to his study. His time was up. He had to take a decision now.

Either he would follow the instructions and go with the original plan or he wouldn't agree, cancel everything and went on with his miserable life.

Both cases had their pros and cons. He thought about it for about an hour. What troubled him the most was that he was unaware of the point of this operation. He didn't have the faintest idea what awaited him in Turks & Caicos. He knew that there was something suspicious going on but had no clue what that was. There were thousands of scenarios in his mind. It was almost certain that none of these would come true.

Troubled himself a little longer then his curiosity and exploratory spirit won. He decided to do it. He would follow the instructions to the letter and go with the flow. After all, he never feared the unknown. He felt enthralled by the whole situation.

The only thing that saddened him was leaving his family, especially his daughter without having the opportunity to say goodbye. He hoped however, that after some time he would manage to see them again and explain everything. Maybe then, they would understand.

Started implementing the course of action he had to follow. Went to the four banks where he kept his accounts. Shut them all down and destroyed his cards.

Then, sent the money to his wife and daughter afterwards. They would receive it the following day.

The most time-consuming procedure was deleting his personal files from his computer and web discs. This an-

noyed him a lot but he did it anyway. He would only leave the files that had to do with his family.

It was noon and his daughter returned from school. His wife came back from work in the afternoon. It was practically the last day he was seeing them and that made him feel weird. He didn't want them to realize though. Time passed by and evening came.

He made his usual preparations just like every other day, when his wife and daughter went to bed. It was his last night in this house.

He was feeling really weird. Checked his computer systems. Most processes have been completed. The rest that needed more time would be completed during the night.

Tried to relax but hypertension wouldn't let him. He began to realize the importance of this endeavor. But it was too late now. He had to proceed.

Lay on his bed but it was impossible to sleep. Finally, he made it after many hours, almost at sunrise.

4. London!

The crucial day had dawned. He woke up at his usual time. He had barely slept. Got ready, woke up his daughter and drove her to school. It was the last time he was seeing her. Tried hard not to show. He had no idea when he would see her again and under which circumstances.

Went back home. His wife left for work too, shortly after. Despite their problems, he was feeling very moved. It was the last time he was seeing her as well.

The knot on his stomach was really strong. He went to his study and checked the contents of the hard discs of his computers as well as the web capacities. Everything was erased.

Logged then, in his social media and deleted all his profiles.

Began writing the letter to his wife and daughter. He was very moved and couldn't write. After some time and effort, he finally made it. Printed the letters and left them on the living room table.

Then, filled a suitcase with all the things he needed for his trip.

Destroyed his ID, his driver's license, passports and some other documents that certified his identity. Just what the instructions he received had suggested.

Destroyed then, the SIM card of his cell phone. His cell was the only thing he would take with him. No mobile online. That was because he had his contacts there and some other data that would prove useful later on. It was included in the instructions even and he was following them to the letter.

It was noon and he had to go.

He made a final check. Everything was ok. Took the small suitcase, threw a last glance at the house where he had

passed his last years and was quite moved. He was on the verge of bursting into tears. Had to try hard not to do so.

Left his keys on the living room table and went out of the house. He closed the apartment door behind him.

There was no turning back now.

Went out and walked towards Penteli Avenue. Called a cab and went to the airport. On his way there, he was thinking of what was going to happen next.

His daughter would return from school first and wouldn't find him home. She would use her keys to get in and would see the letter on the table. First shock. He hoped she could handle it. She would probably call her mother who would leave from work immediately and rush home.

She would read the letter that was meant for her. He had tried his best to be as explanatory and reassuring as possible. After that, he could only assume what would follow. It would definitely be a shock to them. They were used to depend on him to a great degree especially for the daily activities. They should now learn to take care of everything by themselves.

Surely, they would try to contact him but in vain. They would go to the police only to find out that there was nothing to be done until a few days would pass.

They would have a tough weekend for sure. In the end, he could only hope that they would get over the initial shock and adapt to the new conditions. The money would help them on that at least. He also hoped they would harness the exaggeration and their extreme emotions and encounter no other issues.

He made it to the airport. His flight was due much later. He was flying at seven o'clock in the afternoon and it wasn't even one yet. Hadn't checked in so he went to the reception first to take care of his tickets. The extremely polite employee attended to him immediately. Had to wait four more hours.

Decided to bide his time. Went to the duty-free shops but first stopped by an ATM and withdrew some cash from one of his cards. Browsed the stores, bought some magazines and a watch. Hadn't worn one for years. He usually checked the time on his cell phone but he had no cell phone now. Left and went to the waiting area.

As time was passing by, the knot in his stomach became stronger. His daughter must have returned home by now and the first part of the drama was bound to begin.

Tried not to think about it and occupy his mind with something else but to no avail. For a moment, a strong desire to abandon everything and turn back overwhelmed him, then to call his daughter and calm her down.

Suddenly a clear message appeared in his mind.

"Don't worry, everything will be alright. They will be fine. We will help with that."

A sense of exultation overwhelmed him afterwards and he suddenly stopped worrying. He didn't know what all this meant but the worrying had stopped.

Something urged him to enter a videogame store. Bought a complex one and started playing. Time passed and his flight was finally announced.

His flight was on time. Arrived in London at a quarter to nine in the evening and left the airport. Thankfully the airport was in London. His next flight was tomorrow at nine o'clock in the morning. Called a taxi and asked the driver to take him to a decent hotel close to the Airport. The taxi driver suggested a five-star hotel only two kilometers away. Agreed and they arrived there soon.

Booked a suite for the night and then decided to go for a walk in town. He didn't worry about his family anymore as if a filter inside his mind had blocked all negative thoughts. He knew things would be alright.

Right now, he wanted to eat something. He hadn't eaten anything all day. Went to a nice restaurant in the heart of

London and had dinner. Then, decided to do some shopping. He remembered that some department stores were open until late at night.

He had been to London quite a few times and knew it well, the town center at least. Went to one of the biggest department stores first. Bought some stuff including a new briefcase, suitcase, clothes, underwear etc. Then, visited an electronics store and bought a cutting-edge Smartphone with prepaid connection and Internet access. Needed the Internet to check some stuff.

Went back to the hotel straight after and put his belongings in order. Got rid of his old clothes and suitcase then went online on his Smartphone and made a few checks. Everything was fine.

Lay in bed, satisfied, watched some TV and fell asleep.

5. *Toronto!*

Woke up very early in the morning. His flight was at nine and he had to be at the airport at half past seven.

Went to the bathroom and got ready. Then, he went downstairs to have breakfast. He had a bounteous breakfast and left the hotel. A hotel bus carried him and his luggage to the Airport.

Checked in and when the time came, he boarded to the plane. He had a great flight. In roughly three hours, they landed at Toronto's Airport.

His next flight was tomorrow morning so he decided to go to town.

Picked a famous five-star hotel, downtown. Booked a suite then went out for a walk. It was his first time in Toronto, of course. It was early November and it was biting cold. He went to Yorkville and did some shopping. Despite being cold, he avoided buying warm clothes.

The temperature in Toronto might have been two degrees but in Providenciales, it was twenty-seven and he would be there tomorrow. The warm coat he had bought in London would do nicely. He mainly bought some underwear then returned to the hotel. Had dinner there then secluded himself in his suite. The suite had a portable computer with Internet access so he mainly browsed the Internet.

At night, left the room and had dinner in the hotel restaurant then returned to his suite and relaxed. He fell asleep quite early because his flight was very early in the morning.

6. Providenciales, Turks & Caicos!

He woke up very early in the morning. Provided that he had to be at the Airport at half-past six, he didn't even have time to take breakfast.

He got dressed and went to the Airport.

He checked in and boarded the plane. His flight was direct and lasted seven hours.

He arrived at Providenciales at three o'clock. It was two degrees when he boarded and now he landed at twenty-seven, to the marvelous Caribbean tropical climate.

The weather was amazing. The islands were famous for their great climate after all. They had sunshine for 350 days a year while in Athens, it was only 211.

He got off the plane and got away with the procedures fast enough. There were two arrival checks at the Providenciales Airport. One of them was relating to immigration (Immigration and Naturalization Service) and the other one was the typical customs inspection. Thanks to his passport from Turks & Caicos, he didn't have to pass the immigration one and he didn't have to declare anything at the customs office anyway. He got away with it fast and got out of the Airport.

The Complex was located fourteen km away from the Airport. He called a taxi and made it there in twenty minutes.

It was idyllic and magnificent, next to the sea and Long Bay Beach, one of the ten best beaches of the world. The Complex itself had been repeatedly awarded for its construction quality and its services. It included six mansions and various apartments for residential use. It also had thirty-eight suites and 110 rooms for hospitality use. It was equipped with three restaurants, SPA, swimming pools, gym and stores. The mansions provided cleaning, boarding and management services.

The taxi left him out of the main lobby. He went inside and told the beautiful employee his name. Once she heard it, a smile appeared on her face.

"We've been expecting you," she said in English. "Give me a moment to call Mrs. Higginson who is charge of your mansion."

A relatively tall, extremely beautiful lady appeared shortly after. She had pure British, kind features and a natural smile. White skin, natural red-head, voluminous breasts and amazing blue eyes. She wore a white tight shirt that highlighted her breasts and a black, short, tight skirt. Also, a pair of black stiletto pumps that highlighted her shapely, thin legs. He felt strange when he saw her. It was a weird, indistinct but pleasant feeling as if he knew her from before.

She approached, greeted him warmly and invited him to her office. Once their hands interacted, he felt a pleasant numbness. This puzzled him but he tried not to show.

She ordered an employee to carry his luggage to Mansion number six which was located in the northern part of the Complex.

They sat at her office and she began explaining the procedures and the Complex Modus Operandi. Each mansion had had its own operator in charge. In his case it was her, Mrs. Margaret (Maggie) Higginson. She was in charge of everything that had to do with the mansion's well-being and a personal consultant for its inhabitants. She also took care of the services provided there as well as their living on the island.

They began with the typical procedures first. The fact that he looked like a native in his papers impressed her. According to the instructions they gave him, he explained that his father was British and he was living in Providenciales when Max was born. He was dealing with constructions. He met his mother there who was Greek and on vacation at that time. He fell for her, started a relationship and he was

born. Two years later, they returned to Athens where he grew up. He returned to Providenciales after forty-six years. Also explained that this was the reason he was speaking Greek better than English.

Maggie was impressed. She told him that she also had similar origins. She was thirty-two years old. Her father was a civil engineer from the Bahamas with Welsh origins. He met her mother, who was also British, at Providenciales. They got married and initially lived at the Bahamas. After a few years, they moved to Scotland. She studied Business & Management at the University of Glasgow then had her MSc in Tourism, Heritage & Development. When she finished her Master's Degree, her parents got divorced. She decided to return to Providenciales with her mother. At this time, the Complex was constructed. The owner was an old acquaintance and colleague of her father's. Her father granted the necessary capital and Maggie became a shareholder with a 10% in the Complex company. She simultaneously took over an executive position. Besides, she had the necessary qualifications for that. She was one of the two vice presidents of the company who owned the Complex.

After explaining Complex Modus Operandi, she added that she liked him a lot. She offered to help him adapt to this place. She clarified that she would do that with great pleasure. She was single at the time. She had no husband or a relationship.

He thanked her for her kindness and warmly accepted her offer, firstly because he was honored that such a beautiful woman had offered to take care of him and secondly because despite his origin, he was practically a stranger and didn't know a thing about the island.

Maggie was flattered. She said she can totally relate as she was exactly in his shoes eight years ago when she returned. It took her quite some time to adapt.

They finished the bureaucratic procedures. She gave him his access codes and the electronic keys of the mansion and the underground garage. Afterwards, she suggested they would visit the mansion.

The area where the mansions were located was, of course, secluded from the other Complex areas. Each of them had its own entrance and exit to the beach.

The mansion was 800 square meters wide in a 1,800 square meter lot. It had six bedrooms in two levels and its own swimming pool. She showed him around all areas. She informed him that he already had a landline and high-speed Internet as well as cable and satellite TV. She told him she would talk to the satellite provider to include Greek channels in the channel bundle. The mansion had a daily cleaning and laundry service. If he wanted to eat, he could use the Complex restaurants or the 24-hour room service. For all of that, there was a monthly fixed charge from the Complex.

Since they had said enough already, she suggested that he should get some rest. She also offered to meet him later for dinner and chitchat. Max (that was his name now) thanked her and accepted her offer.

It was afternoon already. He went out on the living room porch. It had an enchanting ocean view. He grabbed a soft drink from the fridge and sat on the porch to put his thoughts in order. Since his trip was gradual, the jet lag hadn't affected him a lot. He would be fine tomorrow.

Things had taken an excellent turn. Enchanting environment, amazing, smiling and friendly people. Maggie was gorgeous, beyond expectation. Of course, he didn't expect anything more than a professional relationship. He could sense a fondness but still, he didn't let himself think of something more than that.

Other matters were bothering him now. Once he relaxed, the questions invaded his mind again and now they were more intense than before.

He immediately received a series of messages as if a safety valve had been activated and that was exactly what they were. Messages, not answers.

They initially informed him that he shouldn't worry about his family. They had received the money and the unknown people who were dealing with the situation had taken care of everything. His wife was going to initiate their moving into a bigger house and improve their way of life in general to balance his absence.

Then, they advised him to get some rest and try to adapt for the next two to three days. Once he was ready, they would contact him and explain everything.

They also suggested that he should trust Maggie completely as she would help him greatly. He could ask her anything he wanted. The message ended like this: "*Preparations have been made.*" Whatever this meant.

The messages ended. This rudimentary communication was enough to calm him down. He decided to follow their advice and take the next few days to relax and adapt. It was the best place to do so, after all.

First things first, he had to create a list of the things he needed and with what he wanted to do.

First of all, the equipment. The Smartphone he had bought in London was more than adequate. He also needed to activate an Internet connection and buy a powerful portable computer, as well as a car, of course. They were driving on the left side at Providenciales (or Provo as the locals called it). However, their cars had a left wheel since they imported them from the USA. Good for him. So, he had to go shopping tomorrow. Maggie would assist him with that, of course.

Then he would rest. He wanted to see the island. Fortunately, it wasn't that big. Its main street, Leeward Highway wasn't even thirty kilometers long. He was counting on Maggie to help him with that as well. *Who knows*, he mused, *maybe I get lucky*. He harnessed this thought immediately. This was highly unlikely. Then he thought about the "preparations". "*Speaking of the devil*," he mused once again and dismissed the thought again.

He and Maggie had planned to meet at roughly seven in the afternoon. In the tropics, the sun rises early (six o'clock in the morning) and sets early as well (seven o'clock in the afternoon). In other words, they would meet at sunset.

Decided to see the mansion until then. Went to see all the rooms and checked the devices operation. The mansion was huge. It had six bedrooms, many lounges, sitting rooms and other spaces. He was wandering for two hours and still haven't finished.

Suddenly realized that it was seven o'clock and he wasn't ready yet. When he went to his closet where the kind employee had carried his few clothes, realized how few they were. More things for his list.

Wore a polo shirt and a pair of linen trousers since he didn't have many options.

Had barely finished when the doorbell rang. Opened the door and saw Maggie.

She was wearing a red, short, loose dress and she was really gorgeous. Prettier than the last time he had seen her. She matched the dress with a pair of golden, stiletto sandals.

She greeted him warmly and walked in.

They sat in the lounge for a while and she asked him what did he think of his new house.

"I'm trying to get used to it," he replied, smiling. "I will need some time because it is huge."

They began chatting about random things and he found the opportunity to kindly ask her to help him out with his shopping, tomorrow.

"It is my duty and pleasure," she replied and went on, "even if I didn't have to, I would still love to help you. Besides, I really enjoy your company."

Max thanked her.

"I have a feeling we will become very good friends."

"I would love that, my dear Maggie. I like you so much. I believe that you are one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen and they are quite a few, you know," he pointed out meaningfully.

"You are exaggerating now!" she replied, laughing. "I really like you too."

She suggested they went for a walk then dine at a very beautiful sea-side restaurant she was familiar with.

Max agreed, of course. They reached their destination after a while. That was one of the island's advantages. All the routings were short.

The restaurant was amazing and the night enchanting and mellow. They ordered Polynesian cuisine and a wine from the Bahamas and discussed a lot. Maggie did most of the talking. She talked about her childhood then her adolescence and her boyfriends who weren't many. She also mentioned how much she hated the weather in Scotland and how happy she was when they returned to Provo.

Then, she told him about her two failed relationships as well as her mother's sickness which had kept her in bed and it was unfortunately incurable.

Max didn't say much as it was indicated by the instructions he received. He cloaked himself in mystery and only revealed some vague things about his job as a Business Consultant and his failed marriage without going into details.

The time had passed and Maggie suggested they returned to the Complex. When they did, she felt like having a romantic walk since the night was beautiful. Of course, she had drank a lot of wine so this had helped as well. They took off their shoes and walked in the sand, next to the sea. Then, they sat by the seashore, staring at the moon.

At some point, without second thoughts, she leaned towards him and kissed him in the lips. She apologized straight after.

Max smiled at her and touched her lips with his hand, telling her that what she did was great and she didn't have to apologize. It was then his turn to kiss her softly.

He felt amazing. Hadn't felt like this for a long time. Maggie had closed her eyes, enjoying the moment. At some point, he felt that she was blushing.

She opened her eyes, smiled and said:

"Let's get out of here because I had so much wine and I don't know what else I will do!"

He laughed and they returned to the Complex. She explained that she normally lived in her own mansion a few blocks away but she also had an apartment in the Complex. Her mother lived in a detached house in town. Since she wasn't in a position to drive, she decided to stay in her apartment today.

She wished him good night and asked him to call her when he would wake up so they could have breakfast together and schedule his shopping.

He wished her good night as well and returned to his mansion.

It was a beautiful night that had taken a great turn.

He was feeling wonderful and slept very well. Hadn't had such a good night's sleep for a long time.

7. Shopping!

The last days, he had trouble waking up early, so today he woke up a little later than nine o'clock.

He had a deep sleep last night without waking up at all which was something rare for him- usually slept lightly and woke up at the drop of a hat.

Got up, used the bathroom and got ready. Called Maggie on her cell. She replied right away. Told him, she had just woke up and invited him for breakfast in Breakfast Garden.

He was there after a while. She greeted him warmly as usual. She was wearing a morning, white dress and matching pumps.

They had breakfast and discussed random things.

"This day is dedicated to you," she said with a smile.

They returned to his mansion to get his schedule organized.

They would go to town first to buy the electronic devices he needed. Then, they would look for a car and finally shoes and clothes.

After that, they would take a lunch break then get back to shopping.

They went to town on Maggie's car, a special order Audi S7.

They went to an electronics store, got his phone activated and bought the most powerful portable computer available. He also bought a colored laser printer and a couple of external hard discs. Since all these were heavy, Maggie arranged for the items to be carried to his mansion.

Maggie was quite popular. Everyone knew and liked her and this made things easier.

They visited a car dealership, next. They didn't have many options there. There were only few cars available for purchase and they were mainly Japanese. He despised Japanese cars. They went to another dealer who only had sec-

ond-handed cars. Nothing much there either. Maggie remembered another dealer who had helped her some time ago. He told them there was no chance to find the car they wanted on this island and suggested they order one from Miami. He had good sources there and it was relatively close, merely a two-hour flight. Turks & Caicos may be considered as British territory but their currency was the American dollar and they had developed a powerful transshipment trade with the USA. Miami was the nearest USA city. The dealer searched the databases for a while and found an Audi S7 similar to Maggie's. It was new and was worth \$85.000. He ordered it without second thoughts and asked to get it delivered by plane since he didn't care about the cost. He would have the car in three days at most. Maggie suggested he should use hers in the meantime.

They got this out of the way. It was already noon, so Maggie suggested they had lunch and then continue their shopping.

They had lunch in a nice restaurant in Grace Bay, in the western part of the island.

While they were discussing, she mentioned that an event was taking place this evening, a traditional feast about lobster fishing. Lobster fishing was one of the main diversions of the island's inhabitants and a source of big income after tourism. She invited him to go with her and Max accepted with great pleasure.

After they finished lunch, they returned to town to buy clothes. First, they went to a department store. Maggie offered to pick some clothes for him. Her exact words were that he needed a "woman's touch". Max agreed with her. Besides, she seemed to have a great taste.

They bought many clothes there and then they visited a few other expensive stores. After three hours of shopping and lots of shopping bags, they finally finished.

"For now," Maggie said.

Max gifted her some luxurious underwear and high-heeled pumps to thank her for her help. Maggie didn't want to accept his gift at first but he insisted a lot, so she eventually subsided. She kissed his cheek to return the favor.

It was seven o'clock already. They returned to the Complex and put everything he had bought in order. Maggie separated the clothes that needed washing and placed them into special bags. Their laundry service was gathering these daily, cleaned and returned them the next day.

She advised him what to wear, as if she was his wife or something and she went home to get ready as well. She would pick him up in half an hour.

He changed and waited for her on the porch. The electronics store had already sent the equipment he had bought but he didn't have the required time and didn't give in to the temptation of opening the boxes. He would do it tomorrow at his pace.

Maggie arrived after a while and she had changed again. He had noticed that this woman had a remarkable way to transform. She was now wearing a short, loose, golden dress, quite revealing and provocative. He easily noticed she wasn't wearing a bra and managed to spot her voluminous round, uptight breasts. They were unusually upright for their size. He felt an intense arousal after a long time. It was a very pleasant feeling but awkward as well. Maggie noticed and smiled.

"Do you like my dress?" she asked him.

"You are gorgeous," he replied, stuttering.

He lowered his sight and saw a pair of very sexy high-heeled sandals. His erection returned, more intense and noticeable this time.

Maggie saw, smiled once again and said:

"Thank you very much. You are great too. Shall we?"

She held his hand and they went to her car. They arrived at Grace Bay again. The scenery was set on a spot next to

the seashore. One of the area's great hotels was sponsoring the event.

There was a big crowd, mostly tourists.

The feast began shortly. It was basically a representation of lobster fishing. It lasted for about an hour and closed with serving cooked lobster in many different ways. Of course, there was plenty of wine too.

He and Maggie were in good spirits. They ate and had a lot of wine. When the feast was over, Maggie suggested they go for a walk to the beach and he agreed.

She took off her sandals and they walked in the sand. Grace Bay had a very long beach as well. While they were walking, Maggie confessed that she hadn't done that for years, she couldn't even remember how many. Her previous partners weren't very fond of long walks but she really enjoyed them.

They walked hand in hand for quite some time. They walked to Club Med Turkoise. Maggie suggested they go for a drink to the bar.

There, he found out that Maggie was famous. Everyone knew her and that was only normal. The island wasn't big and everyone who was dealing with tourism knew each other. They came upon the Club Med manager who was also there. He greeted her warmly and Maggie introduced him to Max.

They sat at a secluded table and had two Martinis. The bar was next to the pool and the atmosphere was breathtaking. At some point, Maggie leaned towards him and kissed his lips softly. Max returned her kiss. She kissed him more intensely and passionately. She was a great kisser. Her kisses became overwhelming and stimulating. His erection skyrocketed. Maggie saw and touched him over his pants.

"I want you now!" she whispered in his ear.

"Me too," he replied.

"I can't wait until we go to the Complex so I have an idea. Follow me."

She took him by the hand and guided him to the main lobby. Everyone there knew her as well. Maggie whispered something to the reception girl and returned holding a key card.

She showed it to him and took his hand again. They left the main lobby and walked through the Complex. Maggie stopped outside a bungalow and opened the door with the card key she was holding.

They went inside. Crazy with desire, she began kissing him and removing his clothes. At the same time, she got rid of her own dress and was left with a small pair of panties. Max took the initiative. He grabbed her hands and threw her on the sofa. He spread her legs apart, took off her panties and began licking her.

Maggie grabbed his head with both hands and pressed it against her pleasure spot. She was very horny. She didn't resist for long. She came within a few minutes, uttering a loud cry.

Max raised his head and looked at her. Maggie did the same. Her look was kind and lustful at the same time.

She got up, took him by the hand and led him to the bedroom. She tossed him on the bed, removed the rest of his clothes and leaned against him. She began kissing and licking him all over his body then focused all her care and attention to his private areas. She took care of it for quite some time but didn't let him come. She sat on top of him with a single move then began moving up and down. He went deep inside her. Both were enjoying it a lot. He was really horny and he knew that he wouldn't last for much longer.

He repelled her and forced her to stand on all fours on the bed. He went inside her from behind. After a few moves,

he came on her back. When Maggie felt his sperm on her, she came for the second time.

They both lay on the bed, exhausted.

Once Maggie caught her breath, she told him it was the most amazing sex she had ever experienced. She generally didn't seek to have many relationships. Her last ones were very problematic and when it came to sex, things were unenthusiastic.

"You were obviously picking the wrong partners," he told her, smiling.

"That's for sure," she confirmed, smiling as well.

She also confessed that she hadn't had sex for two years and she had never come twice before.

Max told her that due to the problems he had with his ex-wife, he hadn't had sex for about the same time as her.

While she was lying next to him, he had the opportunity to observe her body. She was almost flawless. Her skin was clear, almost transparent, her breasts big and unusually tight, her belly was flat and her legs amazing. The signs of the gym were obvious. The Caribbean sun hadn't affected her at all.

While he was looking at her, he got horny again. He leaned against her, gave her a look full of adoration, kissed her then went inside her slowly and hedonically. Maggie was temporarily surprised but then she synced with him into a concurrent movement. Their bodies, fully synched, made love for quite some time. Maggie came first then did Max. This time, he aimed and ejaculated on her breasts.

Maggie was stupefied. She never expected to make love again and come for the third time.

"How is it possible to bring up such feelings?" she wondered aloud and kissed him passionately.

"As for the sex? Divine!" she cried out again.

"You didn't think much of me, huh!" he commented, laughing.

"What do you mean?" she asked, in wonder.

"I mean that you are gorgeous while I'm not that good looking. I have some extra weight and I don't take care of my body as much as you do."

"Nonsense." She scolded him and gave him a soft slap on his shoulders. "Do you honestly believe that these things matter? I assure you that they don't. Do you want me to show you some pictures of my ex? He looked like a model. Sunburnt, tall, had a six pack etc. But when it came to sex, he was a ten-seconds lover. On a scale from one to ten, he gets a minus ten."

"You are only saying this to make me feel better," he said.

"No, I mean it. I have spoken to many friends with regards to that matter. You can't possibly exist. On a scale of one to ten, you get an hundred."

"Now, you are pushing it."

"Not at all. You might not know this but women discuss sex a lot more than men do, even if they don't admit it. If I tell my friends what kind of lover you are, at first they will not believe me and then they will want to try out. So, there's no way I'm telling them anything."

Maggie was laying on her back in a very provocative pose with her legs curled up.

Max got horny again. For him, that wasn't so unusual, it just hadn't happened for a while.

He turned to Maggie and said:

"Up for one more round?"

"I don't believe you. You can do it again?"

"If you want to, of course I can."

Maggie turned and hugged him. Touching her body aroused him even more.

He got up and dragged her with him. He forced her to stand with her face against the wall. He spread her legs apart and went inside her from behind. Maggie was sighing heavily. He turned her around so he could see her face. He

lifted one of her legs and went inside her again. He touched her breasts at the same time and began playing with her nipples. Maggie got very horny. She came once again, two minutes later.

He went out of her and forced her to bend over. He touched her lips with his penis. She licked him, slowly at first then faster. He asked her to keep touching herself at the same time. The faster she was sucking him the more she was touching herself. He tried to last as long as he could. At some point, he couldn't hold out any longer and let his sperm flow into her mouth. She came the exact moment as she was sucking his sperm with voracity. Five times in total.

She lay on the bed.

"No one will believe me," she talked to herself. "Five orgasms in a single night."

"The night is still on," he said, laughing.

"You are kidding, aren't you? This isn't possible. Have you taken anything?"

"Of course not," he replied. "I'm not used to adjuvants. After all, how could I possibly know that this night would come along so nicely? You are just amazing and we have a very strong chemistry."

"That's true. I've felt something from the very first moment I saw you. Something I could not define and I was impressed. It was as if I knew you for years. Of course, Mrs. Mc Arthur told me that you are special and precious and that I should be taking care of you. I thought she was only referring to your professional abilities. How could I possibly imagine the rest?"

"Who?" Max asked in wonder.

"Mrs. Mc Arthur. The manager of the Project you are participating," she replied.

His mind went sharp. Maggie obviously knew much more than him, regarding to the reasons being here. He tried to

draw forth as much as he could without making her suspicious.

“Ah, yes, Mrs. Mc Arthur. So, what did she say?”

“Not much. This is confidential information, after all. Only that you are a senior executive on a top-secret Project and that you are supposed to stay here. We have clear instructions to take good care of you. If something happens, I’m supposed to notify her right away.”

“What could possibly happen?” he asked, indifferently.

“I don’t know. In any case, you are precious and not only to them.”

“And where are they? You know, I haven’t been completely informed. They told me they will get in touch with me the following days. I’m relaxing for now.”

“I don’t know much, either. All I know is that there is a large uninhabited rocky island, to the north which is called Red Mangrove. Long ago, in 1970 the British Navy had constructed an underground base. It is a top-secret and rumor has it that they were conducting various experiments. NASA was also involved. That’s all I know. I’ve never been there, none of the denizens of Turks & Caicos has, after all. The only one we know and get in touch with is Mrs. Mc Arthur. Oh, and one more thing. Despite her being adorable, our Governor is shit scared of her. No idea why. And as it seems, she has more power than the government. My mother once told me she has a title too but I don’t know which one exactly.”

“I see. Thank you very much. I bet this information will keep me busy for the following days. Let’s relax for now. I only want a clarification. When you are saying a title, you mean nobility?”

“Exactly. A nobility rank by blood. Not the ones the Queen appoints. I’m clarifying this because my mother has one as well. She is a Lady.”

“Good for her. That explains your noble presence.”

"You are exaggerating. I may inherit the title and succeed her but I never bothered with this stuff. They leave me totally indifferent. However, I was forced to take a proper education because of my noble origins. I had to attend dances and receptions at the palace. When I was twenty-one, I was nominated by the Queen herself. Thankfully, they didn't bother me ever since."

"Lady Higginson, allow me to pay my respects," he said. "And I'm not being ironic. I believe many girls would want to be in your shoes."

"You have a point. I will tell you something else, something that makes me laugh but people are serious about it, the governor included."

"Be my guest."

"Apart from Britain, the Commonwealth also has her Noble Ranking System. Turks & Caicos never really bothered with these things. They followed the British system. Same goes for the Bahamas Commonwealth. After all, up until 1973, Turks & Caicos were governed by the Bahamas. The only noble by blood there was my mother. The islands typically belong to her if she wants to claim them, of course. However, she hasn't bothered and doesn't intend to claim any right. The crown hardliners find it of extreme importance and they don't know about this so they have her wrapped in cotton wool. And me as well by extension as I'm her lawful successor."

"Told you so."

"I haven't told you the best part yet. A few years ago, I was approached by the wife of a very known billionaire, I'm not going to reveal his name and she offered many millions to buy my title. I refused, of course. Besides, my parents have a lot of money. I didn't pay attention then. She insisted for quite some time before she got the point and quit bothering me. Then, she asked the Complex owner to force me. She even became a shareholder in the company."

“But you remained adamant, I assume.”

“Exactly. It is true, this ability solved many issues during the Complex erection and the owner duly appreciated it. I also forgot to mention that I own shares in Club Med too.”

“That explains why they gave you the Suite key right away.”

“I have the power, darling!” she said, smiling.

She leaned and kissed him. He returned her sweet kiss.

“I was thinking we could spend the night here, if you don’t mind. It is so sweet being here together.”

“Of course, I don’t mind,” he said and kissed her again.

He kept kissing her all over her body. They made slow and tender love afterwards and Maggie came once again. It was the sixth time over a night.

She lay exhausted and slept into his arms. He slept as well, shortly after.

8. Relaxation!

The morning found them naked and embraced in the suite's large bed, in Club Med Turkoise.

Max opened his eyes first. Maggie was sleeping peacefully next to him. She was gorgeous. She had a kind, almost angelic expression on her face.

He carefully removed her hand from him and was about to get up. She realized and held him tighter.

Without opening her eyes, she said, cuddly:

"No kiss for me?"

"Many kisses for you, baby!" he replied and kissed her.

She grabbed his head and guided it lower, between her legs.

Max got the point and didn't spoil it for her. He began licking her, slowly at first then more intensely. Maggie came within a few minutes.

"I want you inside me," she said, very horny.

Max went inside her and made love to her tenderly as if they were old lovers that knew each other's bodies very well. It lasted for a long time. They were both enjoying this morning interaction. At some point, Max realized he was about to come. He tried to pull out but Maggie didn't let him.

"I want you to come inside me," she said.

She crossed her legs around his waist and pulled him towards her. She was very arousing and Max couldn't resist any longer. He came hard inside her. When Maggie felt his sperm deep inside her uterus, she came once again, this time more intensely, uttering loud cries of pleasure.

Max came out and lay next to her. Maggie opened her eyes and gave him a look full of love and gratitude.

"Good morning, my love," she said. She bit herself but didn't say more. She looked him in the eyes and waited for his reaction.

He smiled at her, kissed her and sweetly said:

“Good morning to you too, my darling.”

Maggie got up, sat on the bed and kept looking into his eyes.

“I’m trying to figure out if you are real. This can’t be, there’s something going on with you.”

“What do you mean exactly?” he asked her, smiling.

“Yesterday, we made love and I came six times. This morning, I came another two. If anyone would tell me that I was to experience something like this, I would call him deluded and tell him that such things can only happen in erotic novels. Yet, it happened to me. Are you real or am I dreaming?”

Max pinched one of her breasts, jesting. Maggie let out a small cry and punched him affectionately.

“See? I’m real,” he replied, laughing.

“I would like you to listen to me carefully. I will tell you exactly what I feel with the risk of being misunderstood. I don’t care, however.”

“I’m not going to get you wrong. You can speak freely.”

“From the first moment I saw you, I felt differently. Ever since yesterday though, I feel being overwhelmed by emotions I have never felt before. Very intense emotions. I don’t care who or what you are. The only thing I want is to be with you. I don’t know if we share the same feelings but I wanted to let you know.”

She stopped talking and kept looking at him, touched.

He also looked at her then hugged and kissed her.

Maggie who could not deal with the emotional tension she was feeling, she burst into tears and fell into his arms.

When she recovered somehow, she pulled away, gave him a look full of love then hesitantly said:

“I’m sorry but this has not happened to me before and I don’t know how to deal with it. I love you so much.”

“Darling, you don’t have to apologize. What you did was so beautiful and I feel honored that you love me. Never hesi-

tate to show your feelings even if you are afraid you will get hurt.”

“Thank you. You didn’t tell me by the way, do you love me back?”

Then, she added:

“I know it’s early to say something like this but this is how I feel and I don’t want to suppress my feelings.”

He felt she was longing for his reply.

“I know this is not right but I will answer with a question. What do you think?”

“I honestly don’t know.”

“Leave feelings aside and let your intuition do the talking. What have you felt? What messages have you been receiving from me?”

Maggie remained silent. Max took the initiative.

“Baby, I’m going to tell you a few things about me. I’m very picky with women. My relationships are dominated by emotion. I can’t even begin to imagine making love to a woman I’m not attracted to or have no feelings for. I can’t function otherwise. Furthermore, when I’m with a specific woman, I’m only with her even when I’m not having a good time. Now, do you really think that I would have made love to you the way I did if I didn’t have feelings for you?”

Maggie said nothing but kept looking at him. Max went on.

“Time makes no difference in relationships. You have probably heard about love at first sight. A mere second is enough to light a fire. So, what do you think? Do I love you or not? And don’t be afraid saying out loud. I want to hear it from your amazing lips.”

“I think you love me,” she said, hesitantly.

“Exactly. I love you, baby. How could I not love you?” he said, giving her a wet, arousing kiss.

"And now you can call me vulgar but you know where I want to feel these amazing lips!" He grabbed her head and brought it between his legs.

He was very horny. Maggie smiled at him, salivated her lips pretentiously and touched his erect penis. She was licking it intensely shortly after. Of course, he didn't last long. He came hard inside her mouth.

She sucked even the last drop of his sperm with voracity then cleaned it with her tongue. When she finished, she raised her head, looked at him and asked:

"Was I good?"

"The best, baby and I'm being completely honest. It was one of the best, if not the best oral sex I ever had."

"Really? Because my ex told me that I wasn't good at it, that I was doing it reluctantly."

"We will make a deal. We are going to forget our exes and we will make a fresh start. It doesn't matter with whom we were before. Only the present matters. And we are together now."

"Do you mean this? Are we really together?"

"What do you think?"

"I want to think that we are together, of course. But I want to hear you saying it."

"We are, baby, we are. And we will be together for as long as we want to."

"And we can tell the others?"

"Why, is there any reason we should hide it?"

"No, none."

"So, we are officially together. This doesn't mean that we should account to anyone, of course. You know, I have lived many years with stereotypes and I'm sick of it. I want us to do whatever we feel."

"Darling, I completely agree with you. We have no reason to do something that we don't like after all."

"Glad you agree. Besides, we have both the power and the means to do whatever we like, right?"

"Right."

"One more thing. I feel the need to ask you and I always want to be honest with you. We have a significant age gap. I'm not very good looking, either. Are you sure this doesn't bother you or will not bother you in the future?"

Maggie laughed and replied:

"I will tell you once and I don't want to hear about this again. The feelings I have for you and what I'm receiving from you, are very important to me. I would feel the same even if you were 100 years old and 500 pounds. So, I don't want to see you feeling insecure or trouble your mind with these stupidities. I like you for who you are and I believe I have told you before. You are by far the best lover I ever had. And not only me but also my friends. I know that many of them would literally kill for a night like the one we had yesterday. Thus, I'm not going to say anything to my sex-crazed friends about your performance. You will meet them and you will know what I mean."

"Are your friends hot?" he teased her.

"They are gorgeous but this is none of your business. I'm kidding. Come on, let's take a shower. We are still in bed."

She took him by the hand and they went to the bathroom. They took a shower together and she washed him. Of course, they gave in to temptation and made love again.

They went out of the bathroom, put on a bathrobe and went to the sitting room.

Maggie ordered breakfast.

"Let's just relax today," she said. "We will do whatever we want for the rest of the day, how about that?"

"I do agree. I have nothing to do after all, but what about you? Aren't you supposed to go to the Complex?"

"Nah, I don't have plans for today either. As for your position in the Complex, I'll explain in a while. So, we relax to-

day. This is a perfect opportunity for me to tell you a couple of things about our island.”

Breakfast arrived. They sat on the porch and enjoyed it. The day was magnificent and the ocean view was breathtaking.

Maggie removed her bathrobe, put on the lower part of a tiny bikini and suggested they go sit by the pool. Max explained that he had no swimming clothes with him. Maggie smiled and bare-breasted as she was, she got up and left the suite.

She returned after a while holding a black men’s swimming suit of a well-known brand along with a pair of leather sandals.

“Fine now?” she asked.

Max nodded. She took him by the hand and guided him to the pool. They sat on a table under a big umbrella. Maggie ordered two cocktails made of exotic fruits and did most of the talking.

“You are probably wondering how come I’m walking around bare-breasted, right?”

“A little.”

“I will have to tell you a couple of things regarding our ethics and lifestyle of our island. First, I will tell you a few things about me. I have already told you about my mother and our origins. We are wealthy. We don’t need to work. However, me and my father consider work as occupation and creativity. At the moment, my father is in the Bahamas and builds a Complex of luxurious residences. I’m a shareholder and vice president of the Complex. I’m the one to organize my working hours and schedule. I also own shares in another four luxurious resorts here and in the Bahamas. In other words, money is not an issue for my family. One more thing. I will say it out loud and I don’t want to hear any comments or objections. From now on, whatever is mine is also yours. And I’m saying this because I feel it.”

"I feel touched, love," he said and kissed her tenderly.

"It's the first time you call me love, you know," she said, quite moved and kissed him too.

"I'm going to call you that all the time," he told her.

"That's my guy! Now, let me tell you a few things about the life and ethics in our island. When it comes to morals, in Turks & Caicos and in the whole Caribbean and Polynesia, things are very loose. Some islands are excluded mainly because of their government. And when I say loose, I mean in a good way. Relationships and especially sex is the most normal thing. People here enjoy sex without guilt. Having sex is very normal here. All you have to do is ask. It is not a coincidence that there is no prostitution in our islands. No whores, no escort services etc. They have no reason to exist. I consider this pretty healthy. Occasional relationships are very common even in married couples. They find it quite ordinary to have other partners every now and then. They even believe that it will revive their marriage. So, there is no prohibition on sex and relationships. It is permitted everywhere. Even at work. You can see people fooling around in public places. Sheltered and not shamelessly but still."

"I find this wonderful."

"The tourists too."

"Have you done it?"

"Typical man. Before giving you an answer, I'd like to ask you. Do you mind?"

"Meeting certain quotas, no, I don't believe I do. And I'm not even shocked by the idea of two adults making love."

"I will answer your question but first I want to clarify that there is an essential requirement in all this. It should always happen if both reach a consensus. In case of violence and sex by force, the law is extremely strict. Same when it comes to abuse."

"Good for them."

“And now I’m going to answer your question. No, I’m not an exception. I have had casual sex with colleagues and others, even Complex customers but I never felt fulfilled. However, what I have felt those last few days made me complete. I still can’t describe the way I’m feeling.”

“I will tell you once again how happy it makes me giving you such joy and bringing up such feelings. It is unprecedented for me too.”

“Tell me about yourself. Do you have a family in Greece?”

He realized he had to be very careful. He shouldn’t say much and nothing specific. He had realized that Maggie would play a crucial part in his new life but until he clarified everything, he had to be cautious. And most importantly, not lying to her.

“Darling, I will tell you a few things today. However, this is unpleasant to me and we agreed to have a good time and relax today so I would rather skip the details for another time.”

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to upset you. You can talk to me whenever you want to. Being with me is enough.”

“I am and I will be. Yes, I was married in Greece but my marriage was not a happy one and we had many problems. I also have a thirteen-year-old daughter.”

“This is good enough for me,” she interrupted him. “I only want you to be happy with me.”

“Thank you so much,” he stuttered.

“Oh, one more thing. Nudity is already something common and shocks no one. Just a couple of conservative tourists. You’ll laugh at what I’m going to tell you now,” she added.

“A little while ago, I was sitting by the Complex pool, bare-breasted like now. There was this tourist, a hotel client who was trying to take pictures of me but without me figuring out. I did, of course, but I turned a blind eye. Since I was in a good mood that day, I made quite a show and offered

him plenty of visual. I even removed my panties and posed completely naked. He must have gathered enough material. Later on, I caught him with the corner of my eye, dragging his wife to their room. You can figure out why, of course."

"You are a very stimulating sight, indeed," he said and touched her breasts.

"Are you horny, babe?" she asked and touched him over his bathing suit.

"Isn't that obvious?" he asked her.

She didn't reply but gave him a sly smile then looked to her right and to her left. They were sitting on the side of the pool and they were currently alone. There was only one more couple but they were sitting to the other side. She leaned against him, removed his bathing suit and grabbed his penis. He felt weird and got even hornier. She stroke it for a while then began licking it. It was an unprecedented feeling.

This didn't last long. She couldn't resist and jumped on him. She brushed her voluptuous breasts against his body and then slowly sat on top of him. He went inside her. She was soaking wet. She was moving slowly and hedonically so no one would suspect. She was kissing him passionately at the same time. This lasted for a couple of minutes and the whole situation was pretty stimulating. The idea that they were in plain view and someone could walk in anytime made it even more stimulating. Maggie couldn't resist much longer and she orgasmed. She bit herself to avoid shouting. Max was about to come as well. He tried to go out of her but Maggie tightened her muscles with a masterful move and trapped him inside. He didn't have another choice but to come inside her. It was the second time he was doing this today.

When they were done, Maggie put on her bikini again but didn't leave his embrace. Max kept stroking her hair.

"I hope you don't worry that I want you to come inside me," she asked.

"A little," he replied.

"Don't worry at all. I'm taking birth control pills and I'm not in my fertility days. I don't want to have kids just yet, I assure you," she said, laughing.

"I just love the feeling of you coming inside me. It is so nice. And I want to let you know that you are among the very few who accept to do this and do it so well. The last man I asked him this, literally ran away."

Her cell phone rang at that moment.

"That's my best friend," she said.

Her best friend obviously asked her where she was. Although Maggie had said that she wasn't going to say anything, she began describing everything that had happened to her. Apparently, she didn't believe her so Maggie resorted to vivid descriptions of what they were doing a few moments ago. Her friend said something and Maggie hung up, laughing.

"I blew her mind," she explained. "She is coming over."

"Haven't you said that you wouldn't say anything to your friends?" he asked, smiling.

"Yeah, right. I'm very happy to hide it. I hope you don't mind."

"Why would I? I have to get dressed though, I'm not a great sight."

"You are just fine. It is different with Suzan, anyway. We have had great fun together. I haven't mentioned that I'm a hell of a teaser, you know. And I just had an amazing idea. Let's go."

She dragged him to the suite, called her friend and told her to meet them in about an hour in the Complex.

They went to the suite, got dressed then went back to the place where they had left Maggie's car.

On their way to the Complex, she explained that the plan was to meet in his mansion so that he would make a better impression to Susan.

"Worst case scenario, she will want to fuck you," she said, laughing.

"Don't you have a problem with that?" he asked, smiling as well.

"I don't want to shock you but we have done this before, more than once. Both with a partner of mine and a partner of hers. We have also done it between us." She gave him an inquiring look to check for his reaction.

He couldn't figure out why she had mentioned this but he decided to play along.

"It would turn me on very much to watch you two making love," he replied.

"So, you wouldn't mind?"

"No, under a specific condition. You participate as well."

"Baby, you are too advanced and Susan is gorgeous. Here, let me show you."

She stopped the car, got hold of her cell phone and showed him some pictures of her best friend. She was wearing a tiny bikini in most of them. She was an American girl from Los Angeles. Typical California blonde. Big breasts, baby face and lots of curves. Very busty and provocative. She had met her six years ago when she had come for vacation and they became best friends right away. She also had an immense fortune, bought a mansion close by and lives there ever since.

They made it to the Complex. Max went to his mansion and changed his clothes. Maggie went to her own. She returned after a while, wearing a red, short, tight dress, no bra and a pair of high-heeled sandals. Her ears were decorated with a pair of big, silver hoops.

"You look amazing, babe," he said and kissed her.

"We will prank her big time. Just agree with everything I say, ok?"

Max nodded.

"Oh, I brought you some power-ups which will raise your stamina. Not that you need them but you never know. Susan is crazy about sex," she said, smiled and handed over some orange pills.

He swallowed one of them with a glass of juice.

"So, you have wild intentions," he commented.

"I don't know, whatever occurs. You know, I really like the fact that you are so cool."

"I'm not always like that. You inspire me. And it only happens with you."

At that point, the interior phone rang. It was from the Main Lobby. Maggie picked up. They notified her that Susan had arrived.

"Wait here," she said. "I'm going to fetch her."

They arrived shortly after and Maggie was right. Susan was a fiery, platinum blonde like those girls you only see in magazines. She was also wearing a provocative and very revealing yellow, super mini dress. A pair of yellow, high-heeled, expensive sandals was completing her outfit.

As soon as she saw him and before Maggie got the chance to introduce them, she grabbed and kissed him on the lips. Max did not remain neutral and didn't look surprised at all. He hugged her and returned her passionate kiss. It was Susan's turn to fluster. She definitely did not expect any kind of reaction. Max realized that she did this to impress him but it was her that got impressed after all. Maggie secretly raised her thumb up and smiled.

"So, what do you think of my man?" she asked her friend.

"He is perfect," she replied, still stupefied.

Maggie belatedly introduced them.

They sat on the porch. Maggie fetched some iced beverages and sat with them.

Susan began with a fusillade of questions. Max decided to cloak himself in mystery by replying only to a few of them. Maggie stepped in and Susan stopped asking. She turned to Maggie and demanded to know everything about their relationship.

Maggie recounted their first meeting just the way it happened. She even mentioned their sexual interactions and the six times she reached orgasm.

Obviously impressed, Susan turned, giving him a meaningful look.

"So, there are still men out there after all," she said, pompously. "I was beginning to despair," she went on, laughing.

She continued by recounting her weekend experience. She was out with a bunch of Scandinavian tennis players who were on vacation. She ended up making love with all four of them but she confessed that none of them was decent. She didn't manage to come, not even once. Ten seconds lovers she commented and laughed loudly.

"I fucked four six-feet tall guys and it was a disaster. You had sex with one and came six times. It is not fair," she said.

"Oh, and another four times today until now," Maggie added, smiling.

"Hey, unfair!" she cried out and punch her on the shoulder, playfully. "How do you guys do that?"

"Do you want to see?" Maggie asked.

"I wouldn't say no," Susan replied, licking her lips.

"What do you say, love? Shall we show her what does real sex means?" she asked him.

"Sure," Max nodded.

They were sitting on the exterior porch of the mansion, in front of their private swimming pool. Maggie got up and approached him slowly and provokingly.

She stood in front of him. Max raised her dress and revealed her panties. He pulled it aside and stroke its contents. Maggie had closed her eyes and enjoyed it. Max's tongue replaced his finger. Maggie's breath became more intense. Small cries were coming out of her mouth. She reached orgasm, screaming, within a few minutes.

Susan was watching, not believing in her own eyes.

Maggie opened up hers and kneeled in front of Max. She unzipped his pants and got his cock out. She stroked and licked it at the same time. She couldn't resist so she sat on top of him and put his cock deep inside her. She began moving crazily up and down with all the tension of her passion. Max removed her dress and revealed her breasts. He bit her nipples softly. Maggie couldn't take it anymore. She came for the second time. Max continued making love to her while she was coming. Then he came inside her as well. He remained inside until her orgasm convulsions stopped and then he went out. Maggie, exhausted, fell on a nearby armchair. After a couple of minutes, she opened her eyes and looked at a stupefied Susan.

"What do you think?" she asked.

"What can I say, girl? I'm speechless. Not even the most advanced porn movie can describe what I just saw. If I hadn't watched this, I wouldn't believe it. Seriously, how many times have you reached orgasm?"

"I honestly don't know. I lost count after the third."

"What can I say. Bravo. As for you, Max, congratulations. I'm having sex since I was fourteen and I'm almost thirty now. I have never seen sex like this. Best case scenario for me is barely orgasming once. You are a very lucky, girl. Good for you. Needless to say, I'm pretty jealous."

"Did you get horny?" Maggie asked.

"Are you kidding me? I'm dripping wet."

"Come here," she said.

Maggie had assumed a very sexy pose in the armchair. Her dress was lowered down her waist and revealed her amazing breasts and her pleasure spot between her legs.

She forced Susan to bend over and passionately kissed her full lips. She grabbed her head and placed it between her legs.

"Lick it, baby," she said. "It still has my juices and Max's taste."

Susan turned and looked at Max who was staring at them, smiling. He nodded. Susan turned to Maggie and began licking her.

Maggie moaned again. She nodded Max to approach. He got up and came closer. He had removed his pants completely and was naked below the waist.

"Darling, would you like to show my friend what does real sex means?" she asked, hedonically.

Max nodded in agreement and came closer. His erect penis was now next to Susan's head.

Maggie raised Susan's head and urged her to lick Max. Susan did, uncomplainingly. Then, she bent over and licked Maggie again.

Max went behind her. He forced her on all fours without stopping licking Maggie. He raised her dress, pulled her panties aside and went inside her with force. Susan moaned. He began making intense love to her as hard as he could. At the same time, he took her hand and forced her to touch herself. Maggie couldn't resist and came into Susan's mouth. Susan also climaxed. Max asked her to keep licking Maggie while touching herself still, and not stop until he would say so. Susan obeyed. Both Maggie and Susan kept coming with multiple, intense orgasms.

When he realized he was going to come as well and couldn't last longer, he raised Susan, forced her to sit on the armchair, nodded to Maggie to take on licking her and Max ejaculated on her mouth.

Susan had intense pleasure spasms from the multiple orgasms. She happily accepted his sperm into her mouth. She swallowed every single drop of it.

Max and Maggie sat on the nearby couch, both exhausted.

Susan hadn't recovered yet. Maggie went inside and brought a jug of freshly pressed iced lemonade from the fridge.

She served everyone. She had removed her dress and walked around naked. Max wore a pair of shorts.

Susan was coming around. She opened her eyes and looked at both of them.

They smiled at her. She sat on the chair and fixed her dress. Maggie offered her some lemonade.

"So, how was this experience?" she asked her, smiling.

"You call that an experience, girl? That was a revelation. Nothing similar has happened to me before and I never thought it would ever."

"I know," she said. "You know why I feel this way now and why I was telling you and you didn't believe me."

"I understand now. Excuse me, are you real?" she turned and asked Max.

He smiled but did not answer.

"I actually asked him the same. Seems he is, after all," Maggie replied, laughing.

"I'm sorry for what about to say but he doesn't look like the type at all. I wouldn't sleep with him not even once in a million," Susan went on.

"Of course, you only sleep with the ten seconds lovers, anyway," Maggie commented, laughing.

"Yeah, my ass. I'm terribly sorry, Maggie. You too, Max. You were both more than wonderful."

"You don't have to apologize. What kind of friends are we, anyway?"

"The best. Are we going to do this again?"

"Yes but don't turn it into a habit. Besides, he is my man and there is no way you will take him from me."

"Hey, ladies, I'm here too," Max interrupted, smiling.

"I know what I'm saying. She has done it once already and it didn't end well," Maggie replied.

"True story. Do you still remember that? I promise I will never do it again. Besides, I don't think I could. I can tell a lot from the way he is looking at you. I don't believe you are in danger."

"Am I in danger, honey?" Maggie asked, satisfied.

"No, my love. I would never replace you," Max confirmed.

"It's almost noon and I got hungry," Maggie realized.
"How about we have lunch?"

"I'm hungry too," Susan said. "I have an amazing idea."

"Do tell."

"Do you remember me saying about an awesome restaurant that opened in Grand Turk last week? You know, the one with the Italian cuisine."

"Yeah, I remember."

"Good, how about we go there? Lunch is on me and I have a little surprise for you too. I'm not saying what it is, of course."

"I don't mind and I have heard good words about it. What do you say, darling?"

"Why would I mind? But if I'm not mistaken, Grand Turk is kinda far from here, correct?"

"Nah, not even half an hour," Susan replied.

"Don't confuse him. I haven't told you. Susan has her own plane and she is a very good pilot too. Not too big, don't fret. A five-seat Cessna Mustang. It's very nice, she has made some adjustments too. Not really legal but we have turned a blind eye and we have fooled around with it," Maggie admitted, smiling.

"Fine by me, I have no problem. Not for the foolish things even. I trust you, completely. You know, I had taken some piloting lessons but never got my degree," Max replied.

"You are my type! Where have you been all this time?" Susan cried out then hugged and kissed him. "Don't worry, I will teach you. We have the means in the Pilot School."

"Don't encourage her because you'll get in trouble. I'm warning you," Maggie jested. "She is very good, no kidding."

"Thanks for trusting me. Shall we?"

"Give us a moment to get ready and off we go," Maggie said.

They got ready and headed to the airport. They got there on Susan's car, a silver Porsche Carrera.

Susan's airplane was a double engine, five-seat Cessna Mustang. Susan had added every single air navigation accessory and had also doubled the capacity of the fuel deposits. Thus, she could actually fly to Los Angeles and she had made this trip once already. The aircraft had an amazing cockpit, five air navigation computers and three large screens.

Susan sat on the pilot seat and invited him to take the co-pilot seat. Max preferred to sit in the cabin next to Maggie.

She asked permission from the Control Tower and they took off after a while.

Maggie was right. She was an excellent pilot. He didn't even realize when they arrived at their destination. The whole trip along with the takeoff and the landing lasted about thirty-five minutes. If they had travelled with a speed-boat, it would last at least five hours.

They landed on Grand Turk and went to a very good restaurant in the western part of the island.

Susan was right, the restaurant was great. The Italian cuisine was a pleasant change compared to Polynesian which dominated Turks & Caicos.

They enjoyed their lovely lunch, drank the imported Italian wine and relaxed.

It was afternoon already and the sun was about to set.

"How about going for a drink?" Susan said with a sly look. "Not just any kind of drink though. A special drink in a special place."

Maggie opened her eyes widely.

"Don't tell me. You can't possibly mean..." she cried out.

"Oh yes, you guessed correctly."

"Do you think it's a good idea?" Maggie asked again.

"Why not?" Susan replied, smiling. "You are not obliged to join if you don't want to. I'm going anyway."

Max couldn't understand and decided to step in.

"What's going on, girls? Are you going to tell me?"

"Sorry, honey," Maggie replied. "We have a situation here. I will explain right away."

Susan kept smiling. Maggie went on.

"I will start from the beginning so you can reach the right conclusion. About four years ago, we had gone on vacation in Cuba. It's relatively close, you know. We avoided very crowded places. A friend of ours who was very sophisticated, had told us about a very nice beach, north of Cuba, Playa Santa Lucia. He was perfectly right, it was a breathtaking place. We had discovered a traditional hotel and we felt like we have been in the 50's. The waters were enchanting and the people were amazing. We eventually discovered a wonderful bar where we visited every night to drink Mojitos. The bar belonged to a gorgeous woman, Conchita. She was a lesbian. And she fell for Susan. The thing is that Susan also fell for her. A passionate love arisen. Words could not describe it. Conchita was fiery and dominant, what you would call a wild chick. You cannot possibly imagine what they did."

"You forgot to mention that you had joined our company for a short period of time," Susan interrupted, laughing.

"Patience please, I'll get to that. So, Conchita inducted us to the secrets of lesbian love. I wasn't really interested and withdrew shortly after. Susan jumped over the deep end. We were supposed to stay for ten days and we ended up staying for two months. We had to go at some point though and we did that with great pain. Susan, that is."

"You had a great time too. Do you remember Alfonso, Julio and the others?" Susan interrupted again.

"I never said I didn't. But we didn't stay there for two months because of me," Maggie replied.

"You have a point. She also didn't tell you that it was there where she had her first experience with more than two guys at the same time and she had enjoyed it greatly, if I remember correctly," Susan went on, smiling slyly.

"Oh yeah, that. Well, we left Cuba and Susan was on the verge of depression because she missed Conchita. Trips to Cuba aren't easy, you know, because of the embargo. So, we may be close but it is not easy to go there. Susan wanted to visit every now and then so she came up with a solution. She bought this new plane. How much it cost you with the adjustments, hon? Three million dollars and a half, if I remember correctly."

"Approximately," Susan confirmed.

"She already had a certificate in operating light aircrafts so she went to the Bahamas and expanded her degree. For about two years, she was visiting Cuba quite often. Illegally, of course. Most of the times, I was joining in order to take care of her."

"You are overreacting. You were joining because you loved it too. Especially certain Cubans," Susan commented.

"That's half the truth. Let me remind you of two things. First of all, Latin lovers and especially dark-skinned are not my type. The ones I liked were the white ones with Spanish origins. Secondly, do you remember what happened the first time we visited?"

“Of course, I remember,” Susan smiled.

“And to clarify the Cuban Lovers subject. I never denied the fact that I had occasional partners. I did have many of them. What I have also mentioned is that they didn’t worth it. The more handsome they were, the worst their sexual performance was. Most of them were narcissists and extremely selfish. They never seemed to bother for a woman’s needs. All you had to do was spread your legs apart, they went inside you, moved a little bit, ejaculated and that was it. Now, I’m going to ask you a very simple question. Which was the best sex you had up until now?”

“The one we had today,” Susan replied without second thoughts.

“Exactly. This was my point. So, let me finish the story so Max can reach a conclusion. The first time we took the plane to Cuba, we made a terrible mistake and went through the South part. Once we approached Guantanamo’s base, we were caught by their radar. Needless to say, they believed we were spies. They sent two F-16 and forced us to land on the base. What saved us was Susan’s American passport, my British passport and some of my father’s phone calls.”

“As well as the special blowjob I gave the Base Commander,” Susan added, smiling.

“That too. I don’t want to chatter, this time, our trip did not have a happy ending. We miserably returned. My friend did not quit, however. She was in love, you see. She became better at hovering an aircraft and we began having smarter trips. This went on for about two years. Then, Conchita found a new love and we finally settled.”

“That new love didn’t last long. Mine passed as well and I waved Conchita goodbye. But today, I feel like I missed her. Both her and the trip. We haven’t been there for about a year. It will be fun. And as I said, I’m going anyway. You

may not join if you don't want to," Susan announced, looking determined.

"What do you say, honey?" Maggie asked Max.

"I wouldn't mind. The risk isn't so great after all. A small adventure wouldn't hurt. Besides, we can't just leave Susan alone, right?" Max replied, smiling.

Susan was feeling on top of the world. She got up, hugged him and passionately kissed his lips.

"That's my boy! This is the right approach. If we were not in an open space, I would fuck you here and now," she said.

"Pull yourself together," Maggie said. "No, we can't leave her alone but let's not encourage her either, ok?" she told Max.

"As for you, keep in mind that he is mine," she turned to Susan.

Max got up from his seat and approached Maggie. He held her in his arms and placed her on his knees. He caressed and kissed her.

"My love, of course, I'm your man and yours alone," he whispered in her ear.

"Really?" Maggie's face beamed. "I want you to tell me this all the time."

Max carefully placed his hand under her dress and softly touched her above her panties. Then, he slipped his finger under her panties and caressed her.

"Stop," Maggie said, coyly. "You will make me come and I'll make a fool of myself."

He removed his hand and Maggie remained sitting on his knees.

"Fine, I will do you this favor." She turned to Susan. "However, when we go to the aircraft, I want you to tell us what exactly are you planning to do. And just so you know, you owe this to Max."

"Really? Thanks! You guys are great. Come, let's go."

"Nothing can stop her," Maggie commented.

They left the restaurant and returned to the aircraft. Susan grabbed a map of the area and explained the route they would follow.

In the flight plan, they would declare Nassau in the Bahamas. Initially, they would follow the airway to Nassau. They would take off at 20,000 feet and once they left the Control Tower radar of Provo and before being detected by the Nassau radar they would change their direction to Cuba. They would go down to 10,000 feet. There was a small private airport next to Playa Santa Lucia, Roberto Yaguero. It was located only 3km away from Santa Lucia. Susan had used it quite a few times. The people in charge knew her too well. They would turn a blind eye if they were bribed.

They would land there then head to Conchita's bar and then returned the same way they came.

Maggie agreed and they went off.

They followed the plan to the letter and everything went smoothly. Of course, they were prepared for the worst and had brought their passports and a lot of money with them. Maggie had brought her bag and a small .22 pistol for extra safety.

The flight lasted approximately one hour and a half. They landed without any issues. Susan went to the Headmaster's office and arranged everything. He gave her a car and they departed.

They made it to Santa Playa Lucia after a while. Despite being late at night already, he could spot a very beautiful beach. Maggie told him that this beach was 7km long and was really famous. The streets were crowded. Conchita's bar was located to the north side of the beach. It had a big yard and was pretty scenic. It was early and the bar was still kinda empty. Susan went in first, Maggie and Max followed. Conchita was bent over behind the bench. Once she got up and saw Susan, she uttered a joyful cry, jumped over the bench, hugged her and kissed her passionately. Then she

saw Maggie and did the same. When the diffusion was over, Maggie introduced Max to her. She hugged and kissed him too.

She showed them to a table and joined them. Conchita was tall and strong. She was also tanned and had long black hair. In her face, he distinguished the typical Spanish characteristics but also some local ones. Her body seemed really athletic. She was wearing a short cropped cardigan that highlighted her big breasts and a pair of hot shorts. She was speaking Spanish fast. Maggie and Susan were speaking Spanish very fluently. Max didn't understand a thing apart from certain words. Maggie figured that out and decided to translate for him. Basically, Conchita who hadn't seen Susan for about a year was asking for her news. At some point, Susan said something and Conchita turned to him in wonder.

Maggie explained that she was talking about their morning sexual interactions. Susan went on and at certain points they were both bursting out laughing. Every now and then, Conchita turned to him and laughed. He obviously didn't seem like much to her.

Time passed and they had already drunk a couple of Mojitos. At some point, Max asked Maggie when they intended to go back. Maggie replied that they would, in about an hour.

Conchita got up from the table and went to the bar bench.

She said something to the barman then turned towards them and nodded at Susan. She got up and whispered something in Maggie's ear. Then, she walked towards Conchita.

"Be careful," Maggie told her.

"You do realize what they are going to do, by the way," she asked Max.

"I believe so," he replied.

"Her best day today," Maggie commented. "She had the best sex of her life this morning and now she is going to have sex with Conchita after two years. She is a very nice girl and I love her a lot."

"You are also a very nice girl, honey and this is why we love you," Max replied.

"I feel moved, darling. Would you like us to go too? There is another room, you know. The whole situation has made me horny."

"I don't mind if you want it too."

"Now that I think about it, Conchita's rooms are not very clean, so I have another idea. Give me a minute."

Maggie went to the guy and told him something. She returned to him, took his hand and they left the bar.

The night outside was amazing. The atmosphere was the same as in Provo. They took a stroll on the beach. The only difference with Turks & Caicos was that there was no luxury here. Everything was poor and humble. *The price of revolution*, he mused.

They were walking on the street but at some point, the road ended up in a small forest. They went inside. Maggie stood against a tree, raised her leg and said:

"I want you to take me here and now."

Max didn't ask for another invitation. He touched her pleasure spot with his hand. She was dripping wet. He lowered his pants, raised her other leg and went inside her with force. Maggie uttered a loud cry out of pleasure. They changed position after a while. He turned her around and made her stand with her hands against the tree. He went inside her with force again but from behind this time. Maggie moaned again and climaxed shortly after. Max continued making love to her until he reached his own limit too. He went out of her, forced her to her knees and ejaculated in her mouth. Maggie, clearly satisfied, licked every single drop

of his sperm. They straighten their clothes, left the forest and continued their walk.

They returned to the bar. Susan and Conchita haven't finished yet.

"I'm curious what they are doing," she said.

"Do you think this is a good idea?" he asked.

"Not really, especially if you keep in mind that Conchita is kind of irritable."

"So, we should rather wait," he said.

They went out again and walked to the other side. Same scenery there. Poor houses filled with flowers and smiling people.

They returned to the bar again. Susan and Conchita had finished now. They were sitting on a table in the yard and were staring at each other. At this point, another beautiful girl arrived. She was young in age and not so pretty as the others. She hugged and kissed Conchita on the lips. Conchita introduced her to the rest. It didn't take much to realize that she was her new girlfriend. He subtly asked Susan and she confirmed.

After a while, Maggie said that it was time they leave. They hugged, kissed and waved goodbye to each other.

On the way back, Susan told them they had some great sex but that was all. Conchita had a new girlfriend and it was the best for everyone that things took such a turn. They could still have sex occasionally. Of course. Maggie didn't forget to mention their own sexual interaction.

They made it to the aircraft and everything looked fine. Susan made some preparations and soon they took off.

Their trip back was exactly the same. Smooth, no problems. They made it to Provo, a little after eleven thirty.

They initially went to the Complex and sat on Max's porch for a while.

Susan asked them if she could spend the night.

Maggie accepted so the day could end equally well but made it clear that this shouldn't become a habit. Susan promised she will never embezzle.

They called room service and had tasty salads for dinner. Relaxed in the sitting room for a while and then went in the main bedroom.

They made intense love to each other then went to sleep. The day ended with the best possible way.

9. Beatrice Mc Arthur!

The next day he woke up a little before nine o'clock. Despite the previous intense day and the multiple sexual interactions, the trips and the Mojitos, he was feeling great.

Maggie and Susan were sleeping naked next to him and they both looked amazing. He resisted the temptation and his dirty thoughts and let them sleep.

He was in a really good mood and the day seemed marvelous. Went to the bathroom, put on a t-shirt and a pair of shorts and went down to the kitchen. He made a cup of tea and put two pieces of cake on a plate.

Max sat by the pool and recounted the events of the last few days. Jesus, how many changes. They haven't bothered him from the Project yet. He figured out about the Project from Maggie's words. They had obviously let him rest. He thought of Maggie again, then Susan. How beautiful they were and how lucky he was feeling.

His thoughts were interrupted by the ring of the internal phone. Went to the living room and picked it up. A kind voice wished him good morning and informed him that Mrs. Mc Arthur was expecting him in the main lobby. He flipped for a moment but he managed to keep his cool and told the receptionist he would be there in ten minutes.

Returned to the main bedroom again. He put on a polo shirt and a pair of trousers and was about to leave a note for Maggie to see when she woke up. Once he approached the bed, Maggie half-opened her eyes.

"Good morning, my love," she said. "Are you up?"

Max kissed her good morning. He told her that Mrs. Mc Arthur was waiting for him in the main lobby. He would go see what she wanted and return. Maggie nodded and turned to the other side.

He went downstairs, left the mansion and walked to the main lobby. On the left side of the entrance, Mrs. Mc Arthur

was waiting for him along with two tall and strong gentlemen. She was tall, fit, typical Scottish type, natural redhead, at her fifties. You wouldn't call her pretty but not ugly either. As soon as she saw him, she walked towards him and smiled. She was really hearty.

"Good morning, Mr. Headroom. My name is Beatrice Mc Arthur but you can call me Beata."

"Good morning. I'm Max," he replied.

"First of all, apologies for the sudden intrusion. I believe this is better, though. If we did notify you, we would make you ponder and we didn't want that. Can we skip the formalities?"

"Of course."

"Let me introduce two of my closest partners. The Captain of the Royal British Navy, Mr. Paul Mc Millan and Colonel Peter Fadden of the Royal Airforce."

"Pleased to meet you," Max said and both men replied likewise.

"Let me ask you though since what we are going to talk about is kind of private, isn't it better to go to your mansion?"

"Of course. Excuse my manners."

They left the main lobby and went to his mansion. Beata and Max went to the living room while the two men remained outside. They initially inspected the perimeter then stood next to the two mansion entrances. "*Typical security measures,*" he mused.

Beata produced a White Noise Generator out of her purse, as well as a device that checks for any signs of electronic bugging. She made a quick inspection then activated the White Noise Generator.

"We are ok now," she said.

"I would also like to inform you that two ladies are sleeping on the first floor," Max said.

"I'm aware of that but thanks for pointing it out. I don't believe they will bother us."

"No, I don't think so either," Max agreed.

"I believe it is time to answer some of your questions. But first let me make an introduction. I want to clarify that your briefing will take place in three parts for security reasons. Let me tell you a couple of things here. If we agree, we will continue with the second part. If we agree on that as well, we will move to the third part. Do we have an agreement?"

"Absolutely," Max agreed.

"Splendid. Let me begin then. You may interrupt me at any point if there is something that you want to ask. As I told you before, my name is Beatrice Mc Arthur. I'm an admiral of the British Royal Navy and Commander of the Research Base in Red Mangrove. I believe Maggie informed you about certain things."

Max nodded. "*She knows that too,*" he mused.

"I'm not going to stick to details that have to do with delicate matters, of course. I will try to explain why you are here. Our main project has to do with studying the human genome. Two years ago, one of our collecting data networks tracked you down as someone with a different DNA type. I believe you already know how collecting data networks basically work."

Max nodded again. Beata went on:

"This was a pleasant surprise for us because if proven true, it would save us many years of research. So, we started gathering information about you. We know everything already. I would dare say, as much as you know. We were really concerned on how we will approach you as well as persuade you to cooperate. The time frame was crucial, the right timing for something like this to happen. All of our team dealt with the matter and we finally ended up to the way you witnessed or felt, actually. The subconscious messages is a very experimental method. It doesn't always work

and has its risks. In your case, though, it worked surprisingly well. At this point, I would like to inform you that we have stopped sending you messages now. As I mentioned already, this is an experimental method and we are not supposed to use it for too long. Our team's psychology specialists suggested the method we finally followed. It has remarkable results so far. We will see if this carries on.

"So. Let's get to the point. Our proposition goes as follows:

"First of all, I'd like to say that no matter what you decide, you get to keep the money and provisions you have earned so far. You are not obliged to do anything. If we don't reach an agreement, you are free to get on with your life the way you desire. You will never see us or hear about us ever again. And of course, this will have no impact in your life. Now, if you agree to work with us, we will initially give you the first briefing. If you agree with our conditions, our partnership will begin. We will employ you once a week in our facilities here. You are free to do whatever you want the other days. The time frame of our partnership will be a year, initially. Then we play it by ear. Of course, you will receive a fair amount of provisions. What do you say so far?"

"I would like to ask a question. I understand that the Research Center is military. Where are the results of your research going to be used?"

"A very interesting question," Beata said. "I'm afraid the answer is not so easy. If you are wondering, if we are planning to use the results of our research for the development of advanced weapons, I can clearly say that no, this is not our cause. However, I cannot reveal our reasons here. We will need to go to our facilities."

"Fine. Since I made it this far, I don't see why we shouldn't proceed with an initial briefing," Max said.

"Glad to hear that," Beata replied, clearly happy. "You can get ready and then we leave. I don't believe this will take

more than four hours at this point. You will be back by noon.”

“Alright, I’m going to get ready, notify the ladies and I’ll be right back.”

“When you will talk to the ladies, I’d rather you skip the details,” Beata pointed out.

“I had that in mind, already,” Max replied, smiling.

He went upstairs, changed then walked towards the bed where his two lovely women were still sleeping. Maggie felt his presence and opened her eyes. She looked at him, her eyes full of adoration.

“I’m going to Red Mangrove,” he said. “I won’t be late. I’ll be back by noon.”

“Alright, honey,” she said and kissed him. “Take care. I will be thinking of you.”

He went downstairs again. The four of them walked to the visitors’ parking. Two black ironclad SUV bearing the British Royal Navy insignia, were waiting for them.

They went in and made it to the Base within five minutes. It was located merely three kilometers away, after all.

The Base was fully underground. In the ground, you could only see the entrance to an outpost which was guarded by uniformed guards. They went inside. He spotted an elevator and another entrance which obviously led to an underground garage. They left the cars and headed towards the elevator. They went inside and descended about ten levels.

They made it to Beata’s office.

“If I’m not mistaken, you served in the task force of NATO in Athens and had a security gradation for managing extremely confidential files.”

“Precisely,” he confirmed. “The gradations were valid up until two years ago.”

“Splendid. This makes it easier for us. What you need to do now is sign an NDA (Non-Disclosure Agreement) then

give us a blood sample. We will perform a DNA test just to be sure. While we wait for the test results, I will explain a couple of things. Do we have an agreement?"

Max agreed. Beata printed the NDA and handed it over to him so he could sign it. He did so after reading it first. A doctor arrived shortly after and took the blood sample.

When they finished, Beata offered him some fresh orange juice and they sat in her office to be more comfortable.

"Let's get on with your briefing now. First, I will let you know about your family. One of our partners from the British Embassy visited them on Monday. Your wife had taken the day off and was at home. Same as your daughter. He told them that you are participating to a top secret Project and you will not communicate with them for at least a year. He reassured them that you are ok and gave them his phone number in case they need anything. Your wife wasn't really bothered. Your daughter was kinda sad but it seemed like she was managing. So, everything is fine. I believe the money will help them greatly."

"Good to hear," he said. "I believe so, too. After all, me and my wife didn't get along lately."

"Before continuing with the Project, I will have to tell you a couple of things about Maggie first. Maggie is a very decent person. I'm in a certain position to know that if she ever wishes to, she is meant for really high-up duties. I can't go into details yet but you didn't meet at random and the intense attraction you felt for each other from the very first moment was not merely a coincidence. She could easily be at your place right now but this is not possible due to her origins. I would like you to take care of her as she will play a very crucial part in your life."

"Thank you for telling me all this. Maggie has made quite an impression on me, too. It goes without saying that I will take good care of her. You didn't even have to point that out."

"Very well. We can get to the point now. I would like to analyze our strategy first. You must know all along that Great Britain and I believe also the rest European countries, had a very different approach when it came to research matters. Diametrically opposed to the USA approach. Same goes for the research the various departments of the armed forces do. They never thought or used the research for the development of superweapons of any kind. Technology was only used for prevention reasons. The exact opposite of what the USA does. From mid-twentieth century and onwards, Great Britain realized that conducting the research the state was funding under the military cloak held better results when it came to strategy and tactics. More funds, few questions and even fewer inspections. The British political system was a major help to this, of course. So, they began transferring the biggest research centers to the armed forces control and especially to the Royal Navy which was always more organized when it came to secret services and research matters. Nowadays, the vast majority of the big research centers operate under the Royal Navy's full control. Just like this base. It is one of the biggest and most important ones, worldwide.

"Here are conducted some of the most imperative Projects of mainly biology and genetics nature. One of them has to do with decoding the DNA completely as well as the directed upgrade of the human DNA with the evolution and development of mankind as its ultimate goal. I'm telling you all this, so I can give you a more concrete answer to the question you asked. We may as well be at a private research center. The fact that we belong to the Royal Navy solves everything. We have more funds and we manage them the way we want to. We have fewer inspections and we don't risk our research seeing the light of day or having our results stolen."

"I have to admit that the way you put it has indeed many benefits. I have never thought about this point of view."

"There was no reason for you to do so. I'm telling you all this because we want to be completely honest with you. I also know that you have dedicated a fair amount of time to research and your opinions regarding certain matters may be considered over the top."

"This is correct," Max confirmed. "I also never thought highly of the military involvement in research matters."

"Correct. Perhaps because you have the American standards in your mind. That has nothing to do with us. This is why I clarified things first. Let me continue, though. I believe DNA was among the things you have been involved into."

"Yes but not so focused. I had studied it for a while in the limits of invasive theory."

"Very well. We have progressed a little further. I will make an introduction. I believe you do remember the basic DNA structure, right?"

"I guess so, if you mean Nuclear DNA, mitochondrial DNA, Junk DNA, Eve DNA, etc."

"Exactly. So, you must also know about the famous DNA flaws. Every individual has about 400 flaws in their genetic code. Most diseases are related to at least two of these. I also don't know if you have heard about the renowned "Shadow DNA"?"

"I believe I had read about it once but I don't remember much."

"There is a theory which makes a case in which thousands years ago, humans had twelve spiral DNA instead of two. Someone or something interfered with their evolution and human DNA was degraded to two spirals. There are ten extra spirals that either disconnected or deactivated several centuries ago. We have already found traces with the help of powerful, electronic microscopes. Since they appear like shadows, we call it "Shadow DNA". Now is not the right time to talk about the abilities of DNA 12, however. Our own Pro-

ject bearing the code name “Archetype”, has two main targets and goals.

“First, to restore the flaws in the human DNA. Namely, to find the missing links and restore the DNA chains. This automatically has a result the elimination of the genetic diseases that are related to it. And trust me, there are many. Once we achieve this, we will be able to cure most diseases with a simple gene therapy.”

“I believe I understand the advantages of any research center that is controlled by the armed forces now,” Max concluded, “and correct me if I’m wrong. Since they are not private and there is no competition factor or commercial profit, this gene therapy can be donated for free without becoming a subject of shameful exploitation just like similar other products of research.”

“I’m really glad of your analytical thinking. You couldn’t have put it more accurately. Good for you. This is exactly the case.”

“Our second target, is to find a way to upgrade to DNA 12. Imagine that an individual with DNA 12 will have access to ten times the information he otherwise receives from his normal DNA. He could also use more parts of his brain and develop additional abilities. In general, these are the two main targets and goals of our program.”

“I understand all this but what about my part?” he asked.

“A very good question. As I mentioned, we have a data network mainly for medical matters. We are also, illegitimately if you want, affiliated with major medical labs through Europe which transmit certain information every now and then mostly for statistical reasons. This information is anonymous. Only when they diverge a lot from the usual, they have extra data. In your case, two years ago, you have made some specified exams, correct?”

Max confirmed.

“Thanks to these exams, we traced something that made us quite an impression. You probably remember that the diagnostic center had asked you to repeat the tests on the pretext of a possible mistake, without paying. There was no mistake, of course. We just wanted to confirm the first measurements. Besides, this is why we took a blood sample today. The moment we speak, we are performing a series of specialized tests. If the previous results confirm today, we are on the verge of a great advancement, one that will save us hundreds of years of research. I can’t go into details yet. We will have to wait until we get the results first.”

Beata went on with more trivial details. Two hours had almost passed when one of her partners brought her the test results. She looked at everything closely and her face beamed. She turned towards him.

“Couldn’t have been better,” she said with a big smile. “Now, I can finally tell you which will be your part and your contribution to the Project.”

“As I mentioned before, every individual has about 400 flaws in their genetic code. Your genetic code, on the other hand, has very little. Less than twelve. This means that while other humans DNA has flaws on certain parts, yours doesn’t have any. This saves us from decades of research. What we will need to do is compare the code and isolate the flawed parts. And since, in your case, the repair of these flaws comes naturally, it is a far better solution than the one we were planning to introduce. To fully understand the time frames, we are involved with this Project for about twelve years now. The team who is responsible for the flaws consists of twelve top-notched geneticists. Do you know how many flaws we have fixed up till now?”

“How many?” Max asked.

“None,” Beata replied, pompously. “To be exact, we thought we had found a solution for two but turns out we made a mistake. And here you are, giving us a solution to

380 of them at least. This translates in finding a cure to at least 150 diseases that are related to the flawed DNA. I assume you do realize the importance of our discovery.”

Max didn’t reply right away. He could try to process and understand everything he had heard. Even half of what Beata had revealed was true, this was a matter of huge importance. Thoughts invaded his mind. They didn’t scare him exactly but they definitely troubled him. If all this was true, then he was very valuable to them. What protected him and ensured he wouldn’t become a guinea pig in one of the Base’s basements? How factual was his freedom of will? He decided to take Beata by surprise and asked her straightforward questions. He didn’t think he would get some honest answers but he believed that her reaction would give away some of her intentions at least.

“I will be completely honest with you,” he said. He bluntly expressed his worries. Beata reacted calmly without infusing any uneasiness.

“I think you are watching many conspiracy movies,” she said, almost laughing. “Don’t worry. We are not sinister nor evil and this is not a “the end justifies the means” case. We want you to fathom our cause. I want to reassure you and I need you to believe me. Our cause is outright humane and nothing more. Everyone here is first a scientist and then a military. And when I say military, let me explain how we became militaries in the first place. I believe that in order for someone to trust you, you have to trust him first. I will do something with you, something I haven’t done with any of my partners. I will reveal some information, which I did not intend to share with you.

“First things first. Everyone who participates in the research team may be military but we have never attended a military school or took military training. The management rewarded us with our ranks and it is the equivalent ranking to our respective position. This happened because it serves

the system when it comes to management. This is something only a few people know. It is highly confidential and really hard to find this piece of information. If you work with us, you will be entitled as Captain of the Royal Navy. And to be completely precise, since I have already checked your file, I believe you are the only person here, who has actually undergone military training.

“Secondly and this is a close secret. Once I reveal this to you, it will be you and another three people knowing, me included. How old do you think I am?”

“No more than fifty,” he replied with certainty.

“Well, I’d love that,” she smiled at him. “However, before I reveal my real age, I will tell you a few things about me. I was born in an unknown village in Scotland during an era where it was extremely difficult for a woman to even think about going to college let alone do it. It took some great effort for me to become a scientist, studying Medicine and Biology. The system tried hard to stop this. I was involved with research in various systems of the human body. I conducted many experiments, sometimes even using my own body since I was lacking partners. I’ve been in the Royal Navy the last twenty years. I was recruited by my old professor who is not alive today. I was given the Admiral rank per request and was asked to lead the Base. Now, you can try to guess my real age again,” she asked him.

“Keeping in mind everything you have told me, I assume you are way older than fifty and your appearance is a result of an experimental gene therapy or something.”

“I really like you. You have a very sharp mind. I also like the fact that you don’t set limitations in knowledge and this is a very good thing.”

“I’ve been researching various phenomena for many years,” he replied. “If I was setting limitations, I couldn’t possibly have results. I’m generally open-minded and trying

to analyze what I hear. I also don't believe in dogmas and statistics."

"My thought exactly. This is why I believe you will be the perfect partner. At this point, I want to clarify and point out the word partner and not guinea pig."

"This clarification pleases me a lot," he replied, satisfied.

"Thought so. I would have made a similar thought if I was in your shoes, so don't worry. And I return to my initial question. How old I am?"

"I don't think I could answer that. To be precise, no matter what I say, I'm sure I'll judge incorrectly. So, I'd rather let you answer the question yourself."

"Fine. I'm 157 years old. Now, you do realize how hard it was for me to go to college at 1880."

"I'm impressed. I don't dare to ask how you achieved it."

"Since I revealed my secret, I will tell you a few more things but not in depth. If we work together, I'll tell you more, for sure. Besides, I want to share many things with people who understand me. You are partially right about the gene therapy but I owe my appearance to Matter Exchange mainly. An almost unknown term. It is a complicated procedure where many factors, not only biological are enlarged upon. The characteristics of the planet we live in, play an important part. For example, on Earth, the time frame of Matter Exchange is about seven years. The human body can endure approximately eleven to twelve Matter Exchanges. Thus, we live about seventy-seven to eighty-four years. There are exceptions, of course. On another planet, where the Matter Exchange is bigger, we would automatically live more. It has an immediate connection to each planet's resonance and oscillation frequency. I believe you remember the references in the Old Testament about people who were living for many years, like Methuselah. The actual numbers were not defined but they were supposed to live for about 700 to 900 years. This is reachable but not so easy whatso-

ever. In my case, in the first thirty years of my life, I experimented with a professor of mine in various techniques which aimed to modify the matter exchange rhythm. I managed to change it and define it for now at twenty-five years instead of seven. My professor wasn't that lucky and the procedure didn't work for him. He died many years ago."

"I can't begin to imagine how many things you must have seen," he told her, clearly impressed.

"Quite enough but not always interesting. After all, the 20th century wasn't the best. Two world wars, plenty of misery, etc. I only hope that things will change eventually. I believe you have figured out my real motives by now."

"Certainly. First of all, I'd like to thank you for your trust. And yes, now I have a clear idea of everything."

"And you haven't seen nothing yet. Trust me, it is really worth it. What do you say then, will we work together?" she asked him with true concern.

"Before giving you my final answer, I would like you to tell me my exact responsibilities and commitments."

"Absolutely. Your main responsibility will be to attend our facilities here, once a week for one full day at least. It will not be the same day every week. It will depend on the research progress as well as the duration of each period's data processing. We may need to employ you for a second day as well but it is unlikely. You will get to know the exact day, one or two days beforehand. You can spend the rest days in any way you wish. However, you are not allowed to go further than a twelve-hour distance by plane, 5,000km that is. This is because you have to be available at any time. On the day you will be here, you are not allowed to have sex in the morning or consume any alcoholic drinks. Sex weakens DNA and alcohol affects the blood. In case you want or need to travel far from Turks & Caicos, I would like you to inform me. You don't need permission, just a notification. Now, in case you couldn't avoid morning sex, you will have to keep

us posted. Sperm needs at least three to four hours to renew. You are not allowed to use drugs, sedatives or any kind of psychotropic substances. You are also not allowed to smoke and you are not supposed to take any sort of pharmaceutical substance unless we have administered it. This includes any substance, painkillers included. Your briefing and communication with us are extremely important. On the day of your employment, we will initially extract your body fluids, DNA and anything else we may need. We will make measurements or administer any respective substances. We will spend a great part of the day in meetings and consult.

"Now, let's focus on the benefits. For you, the main benefit is your contribution to mankind. You will receive a generous salary, equal to 250,000 sterling's per year. We will also grant you the rank of Captain of the British Royal Navy and all that goes with it. You will typically be the First Management Consultant in Management and Organization matters.

"Our cooperation will be designated for a year initially. Then, its renewal will be depended on certain factors. Even we don't get to renew our partnership, you get to keep the benefits and the rank if you wish. If not, you will be demilitarized so you won't have any responsibilities."

Beata stopped talking and looked into his eyes. Max thought quickly about everything then looked back at her. She seemed honest and he felt like trusting her. The deal was pretty good. Of course, he already knew there were matters that she hadn't discussed with him. On the other hand, the Project was very interesting and he would get to learn a lot. The commitments were not too tragic, anyway. His intuition was telling him to agree and this is exactly what he did.

He gave his positive reply to Beata right away. She got up from her seat, quite moved, shook his hand then hugged him. For a Scottish lady, she was pretty affectionate. Afterwards, she informed him about the procedures as of now.

Tomorrow will be the first day of his employment. A Project car would drive him there at nine o'clock in the morning. Today, Beata would take care of the procedurals. She would make his file and forward it to the Senior Management. Tomorrow she would hand him his credentials, id, access card etc. They would make the kick-off meeting and explain all the procedures as well as keep him posted for the Project's course. Then, they would take his fluid and DNA sample followed by the next measurements and anything else they considered necessary. At night, he would return to his mansion and would be free.

It was now past two o'clock when his meeting with Beata ended. She waved goodbye and a Base car drove him back to his mansion.

When he arrived, the first thing he did was calling Maggie on her cell phone. She told him she was at her office.

He went to her. She was gorgeous as always. She was wearing a tight white shirt, short black skirt and red high-heeled pumps.

When she saw him, she sprung up, hugged him and passionately kissed him.

"I missed you!" she said.

"I missed you too, a lot!" he replied as well.

Maggie kept kissing him. Touching her body made Max horny. Without second thoughts, he raised her skirt and let her sit on her desk. He then pulled her tiny panties aside, lowered his pants and went abruptly inside her.

Maggie let out a pleasure cry. She kept on kissing him wildly and more passionately now. Their feelings were now wild, almost unprecedented. He pulled her hair and head to the back and bit her neck. He revealed her breasts and bit her nipples. At the same time, he was fucking her wildly. Maggie was moaning and screaming hedonically. Fortunately, her study was autonomous and separated from the Main

Lobby. There was always the possibility that someone would come in. The danger made sex more stimulating.

Their interaction was really intense to last long. Maggie came first, screaming out of pleasure and then Max followed. With a violent move, he went as deep inside her as he could and ejaculated. When Maggie felt his warm sperm inside her, she came again. She then collapsed on the coach, closed her eyes and tried to catch her breath.

It took several minutes to manage that. When she opened her eyes again, looked at Max who was sitting next to her, looking at her with adoration.

Fixed her shirt and skirt and turned towards him.

“What was that, my love?” she asked, clearly impressed.

“That was sex, honey!” he replied, smiling.

“Save it. If that was sex, what was I doing all these years?” she said, laughing again.

“How would I know. That was sex anyhow. A little intense, of course, but still. With lots of love and passion.”

“You were absolutely amazing. I have never felt this way. You overcame your own self.”

“Glad you liked it. And you have seen nothing yet. I promise,” he leaned on her and kissed her.

“You do realize you are in trouble, right?”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean that I can’t possibly live without you now. Up until yesterday, I could maybe part with you with a lot of effort. After today, you may forget about it. You are not getting rid of me,” she said, smiling. “And I’m serious, you know.”

“Who told you I want to get rid of you?” he replied then hugged and kissed her tenderly.

“Oh, my love. Do you imagine someone entering and seeing us? That would be fun.”

“So what. We were a lovely sight, weren’t we? Best case scenario, they’d wait for us to finish. And if it was a pretty girl, we would ask her to join us.”

“Get lost, perv,” she said mockingly and gave him a soft punch on the shoulder.

“And since I said “pretty girl”, where is Susan?”

“So, you liked my friend? I sent her home. We will see her this evening. Although, I’m having second thoughts right now. I don’t think I’ll risk you liking her more than me and losing you eventually.”

“I really hope you are kidding. You can’t be serious. There is not even the slightest chance for something like this to happen. I don’t want you to feel insecure in this matter.”

“Calm down, sweetheart. Of course, I’m kidding. I have figured out your feelings and I don’t worry at all. Besides, I was the one who invited Susan to our bed.”

“Exactly. You know, there is a simple rule in all this. What we do, we do it together and we do it because we want to.”

“I totally agree with you. Besides, I have told you about the island’s ethics.”

“Right, now that we got it clear, when are we going to see Susan again?” he teased her.

“Enough with Susan already. I told you, we will see her tonight. Now, as for having sex with her, I’ll think about it,” she replied in the same tone. “Seriously now, how it went with Mc Arthur?”

“Very well, she is charming. I’m starting tomorrow. You are going to lose me for the whole day but don’t worry. The Project will only employ me for just a day per week. The rest days will be all ours.”

“That’s great. I’m glad. Which day it will be?”

“It’s not a fixed day. It will depend on the Project’s course but I will know beforehand, one or two days earlier.”

“Marvelous. I assume you are not allowed to tell me more?”

“Unfortunately, yes. It is highly confidential, you see.”

“Answer me something, if you can. I know the Base is military and Mc Arthur is an Admiral. She is a friend of both my mother and father. She visits my mother quite often. I’m also aware that the Base has no civilians in their personnel. Not even a single person. How have they justified your presence?”

Max realized how Beata knew so much about Maggie and her family. She obviously wanted to have her back covered.

“A very good question. Who told you I’m a civilian, though? Allow me to introduce myself again. Max Headroom, Captain of the British Royal Navy, at your Command,” he announced, smiling.

“Oh, you haven’t told me this,” she laughed.

“Well, let me explain. Since my status has to do with Secret Intelligence Services, I don’t trumpet it. I will mention it only when and where it is necessary. For the rest, I’m merely a Business Consultant, specialized in Organization through Technology.”

“A spy, that is. I love spies, you know. Now that I think about it, wasn’t James Bond a Captain of the Royal Navy as well?”

“Yeah, a fellow colleague,” he agreed, laughing. “Sorry to spoil it for you but I’m not a spy. At least not like the ones you see in the movies. I’m mostly collecting and processing data, I’d say.”

“That’s alright. Suits me fine. You are doing well for keeping the mystery. Women like that, you know. I’m not going to tell anyone anything, by the way. Shall we tell Susan, however? She loves military men, you see.”

“What do you think? Shall we tell her?” he asked.

“Now that I’m thinking about it, I’d rather we don’t. She will get more attached to you and she will stop at nothing. We will end up living all three of us together.”

"Fine then, we will not tell her anything. We will keep the mystery. But, can I ask you something that Mc Arthur mentioned about you and your family?"

"Of course, although I have an idea of what that may be."

"In short, she told me that the Queen intends you for big things due to your mother's noble origins. You mostly."

"Yes, that's true. I have already told you some. Let's start from the beginning. My mother has noble origins, indeed. She owns a title, a tower, land property and the like. She never bothered all along, however. At times, they had made her some offers which she politely declined. When we decided to settle here, the Queen suggested she became Governor. My mother refused, alleging her weak health. I was very young at that time so they didn't make me an offer. We have changed two Governors by then. I have found out that our current Governor will retire next year. I understand that I now have the appropriate age, so they will eventually ask me. Since I'm the only noble in the islands, I'm the first candidate and I believe it will be extremely hard for me to refuse. If the Community Minister makes the proposal, then this is feasible but if I'm asked directly by the Queen, I can't possibly refuse. In a nutshell, it is highly likely that I will be the islands' Governor next year."

"What do you want, regardless?" he asked her.

"Good question. I've thought about it a lot, you know. I was really negative once but not anymore. I have a very good relationship with the current Governor and I have helped him quite a few times. The islands are small and they don't have many issues. On the other hand, I could make many improvements, especially regarding the civilians' daily routine. This mainly appeals to me. I love helping my fellows, you know and I definitely know more people than the Governor. Keep in mind that my mother owns the same title and almost the same education with the current Minister of the Exterior and I have a very good relationship with her."

“So, you are positive, I take it?”

“I’d like your own opinion too on this.”

“Well, I believe you should do it, strategically speaking. I do realize you don’t like politicians but this position is different. Not many duties and no corruption. The islands are ideal with no issues and if you put some effort you can make them even better without much trouble. Of course, when it comes to me, you will have my full support.”

“Thanks a lot, honey, you are amazing. And you anticipated my question.”

“Just don’t ask me one thing.”

“What is that?”

“Don’t ask me to live in England. I won’t handle it.”

“Jesus Christ, me neither. This is actually one of the reasons that prevented me from accepting a position like this.”

“I believe it’s up to you what you will accept and what you will not. If you have made clear your position and desires from the start, you won’t have any issues.”

“You are right. That’s how things should be. And with your help and support, it will be a lot easier.”

“So, it’s settled then. Congratulations! When are you taking over?”

“Thank you so much. Next Spring, I believe.”

“Excellent. I’m hungry, by the way.”

“Me too. Let me finish a couple of things here and off we go. I will take you to a seaside restaurant on the other side of the island, today. And we are going alone.”

Max agreed. Maggie finished her chores and they left.

They indeed went to a very scenic restaurant with Polynesian cuisine, next to the sea. They tried traditional dishes and drank a weird, local drink that tasted like wine. It was sweet and made of fruits. Maggie laughed and warned him not to drink a lot because you can get drunk very easily. She also told him that locals believe it is aphrodisiac. Max had

enough to drink and it turned out that Maggie was right. He had an intense desire to have sex shortly after.

They left the restaurant and since he could hardly wait, they had sex in the car then again at his mansion.

Exhausted as they were, they fell asleep and woke up after eight. The sun had set already.

Susan called and Maggie invited her to come over.

She arrived after a while and she was extremely provocative. She was wearing a loose, short dress with large slits on the chest and back. She wasn't wearing a bra and as she was moving around, part of her lovely, voluminous breasts was revealed and sometimes all of it, even. A wonderful pair of golden, high-heeled sandals completed her outfit.

When she came in, she went straight to him and kissed him then asked Maggie how was their day.

Maggie, willingly described everything, pointing out all the juicy details.

"You are doing this on purpose, just to turn me on," Susan said.

"Are you turned on, honey?" she asked, teasing her.

"You have no idea," she replied, her voice trembling.

"How much?" Maggie asked again, playing her game.

"Want to see?" she asked, provocingly.

She approached her, raised her dress, removed her tiny string and showed her.

Maggie gave into temptation and touched her pleasure spot. She was also very turned on.

They ended up having wild and passionate sex. When they climaxed, they let Max join them and they made love again, several times.

When they finally stopped, Susan suggested they go for a drink. They went to a beach bar in the Southern part of the island.

Susan decided to go for a night swim. They went to a secluded part of the beach and both Susan and Maggie re-

moved their clothes, left completely naked and were playing around at the sea. Max, who wasn't very fond of water, didn't join them.

Quit swimming and playing games and went out of the sea. Of course, they felt like playing different kind of games after that. Made love again, on the beach this time.

Returned to his mansion late, after midnight and as they were all tired, so went to sleep.

10. Project “Archetype”

The next day, his cell phone's alarm clock woke him up at eight o'clock.

It was the first day on the Project and he had to brace himself. He was feeling amazing from every perspective.

The two wonderful beings were sleeping next to him, completely naked, of course.

Leaned over, kissed them both then went to the bathroom to get ready.

Got dressed and went to the kitchen. Beata had told him that there was no dress code, not for him at least. He could wear whatever he wanted as long as he was feeling comfortable.

He prepared a cup of tea, helped himself to a piece of fruit cake and waited.

At nine o'clock sharp, with the usual British accuracy, the Base car arrived to pick him up. Things were different today. There were two cars. A normal one, accompanied by a SUV. His driver was a very sweet girl, an NCO. She saluted him, introduced herself as Helen and informed him that she would be his personal driver from now on.

He thanked her, got in the car and arrived at the Base after five minutes.

The gate sentry greeted him and they entered the underground parking. The place was vast and rambling. He couldn't tell how many levels they went down. At some point, they stopped.

They went off the car and walked towards the elevator. Helen explained they had to go to Admiral Mc Arthur's office first.

They reached Beata's office. She greeted him warmly and asked him how he was feeling. He replied he was feeling great.

First, she gave him the documentation of his new military ID as well as access cards for every area of the Base, certificate of his tenure and digital copies of everything in a decrypted memory stick and also his full file. Then, she handed him his service pistol along with three bullet boxes. Last but not least, she gave him a specially modified Smartphone to communicate with her when he wasn't at the Base. Since he was a technology geek, they spent a lot of time to explain to him the way the Base's various systems and subsystems were functioning.

She clarified his security rank was B, which was merely a rank below Beata's. He also had access to every area of the Base. She asked him to be careful when using these, however, at least for now that he didn't know how the systems worked. He could ask anytime. Helen would stay close to him at all times and she would be his adjutant. Her security rank was also high. She would become a valuable assistant.

He was rank three in the Base hierarchy, after Beata, the Second in Command and a Navy Captain who was the Head of Security as well.

Beata pointed out that no one should know about his true role. The only ones who knew were him, Beata and the Second in Command. For everyone else inside the Base, he was the First Management Consultant and for the ones outside the Base, he was just a Business Consultant.

The different sections of the Project were structured and specialized in such a way so no one had a clear picture of what was going on. One Department was receiving data, another one was processing and another one was performing the unification of the results. The final formatting would be executed by Beata's Special Team. He was a part of it from now on.

She then explained his schedule for today and asked Helen to escort him to his office.

His office was on the 22nd level, one level below Beata's office. All doors had an access card check and palm sensor. Helen explained that palm sensors simultaneously checked body temperature for obvious reasons. Three failed attempts would automatically lock that particular level and would fire the alarm.

His office was quite spacious and bright, divided into two areas. The first area was where Helen was sitting and the second larger area was his study. He had a large double desk, a sitting room with loveseats and many libraries with security systems.

It also had a communication system, a computer, a printer and a Smart TV 50" with Internet access. All the above with safe access and behind a strong firewall, of course.

He had some time to process the equipment before they called him in for the initial counting.

After a while, Helen notified him that they had to go to the Lab. It was located on the 25th floor. On their way there, she explained the color code they followed as well as how to find your destination without getting lost.

His schedule for today was lighter since it was his first time. It included a series of taking various body fluids. This included blood donation, spinal cord and sperm sample. If needed, they would also take tissue samples from different parts of his body as well. Later on, they would perform paracentesis to receive the samples from his interior body parts.

Next, the measurements would take place, then he would have a light meal followed by his first meeting with Beata's team. She would define the organization and function method depending on the part that had to do with him.

Depending on the first results, the next receiving would be determined so they would have an adequate material quantity to cover the team's operation for next week.

They followed the schedule to the letter. They received all his body fluids consecutively, including his sperm.

A while later, the measurements began. He knew some of them but he was not aware of most and it wasn't the right time to ask questions at least for now.

It was lunchtime so they all gathered in a spacious dining room. The high-rank officers were served by the personnel while the rest were served from the buffet. The cuisine was purely British. He had lunch with Beata and the Second in Command. She introduced them in the process.

They went to Beata's office afterwards so he could share his thoughts. They were positive, of course.

His first general meeting took place. He realized that his participation had reversed the way the Project team operated up to this point. They had to review everything. First things first, Beata introduced him to the team. It consisted of twelve top-notch scientists with many doctorates. They covered various specializations. Genetics, Biology, Information Technology etc.

Upon request, Beata reviewed the method they were working until now. Each team member was making their positioning but now they had to end up with a new common approach and methodology. After enough discussion and concerns, they ended up with the following:

- First things first, there should be a recording and processing of Max's DNA on a regular basis. Then, they had to trace and analyze accurately the 380 "non-flaws" in his DNA.

- After that, they had to define how to insert these corrections to an experimental DNA.

- Consequently, this corrected DNA should be inserted to volunteer(s) to test its behavior.

They couldn't define a timeframe for all this. Nothing similar had been done before and all the procedures should be

defined from the start. The data volume they had to process was also huge.

Since they were informed about his knowledge and experience in Computers mainly, the Head Scientist of the Computer Systems let him know that in the Base Data Center, they hosted some of the most powerful computing systems worldwide. They had established twelve supercomputers Cray XK7, with a total power of 600 PFLOPS (600 billion calculations of a mobile decimal point per second.) An inconceivable number. The storage possibilities were equivalent. It was the most powerful processing center in the West World. They were also hosting two of the total four Organic Molecular Quantum computers in the whole world. The other two were established in a US Army top-secret research facilities. They would use all these systems for the calculations they needed. It was normal if you considered that the human genome consists of three billion nucleotides (expressed with corresponding letters) of the genetic code.

He was impressed by all this and asked from the Noble Scientist to schedule a visit to the Data Center at some point. She happily agreed. She also pointed out that his assistance and opinions would be valuable for the research. She also explained that they had developed a specialized new operational system for the supercomputers as well as the quantum ones. Also informed him that on the following days, she had scheduled to set up a special management and inspection console for the Data Center's computing systems in his office. Thus, with the proper education of course, he would be able to have a clear image and access to the Systems any time. He could get involved as well, if he wished to.

Max thanked her for everything.

They scheduled the initial procedures afterwards and the first meeting came to an end.

It was eight o'clock in the afternoon. Beata announced that the first day of his participation had completed and it was indeed a very busy day. She thanked him and let him go.

Helen drove him back to his Mansion with the service car.

Before contacting Maggie, he preferred to review everything that had occurred as well as put his thoughts in order.

He recollected all the events that took place the last eight days. The changes in his life were chaotic and the price he had to pay was way too heavy. However, his reward and the moral satisfaction for his offer in the community was larger. And at the end of the day, it was worth it.

Finally, his future was looking bright and not only for him.

THE END